McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Owner. ROSS K. KNAPP, Editor and Manager. TERMS:—2.00 Per Year

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NAMES OF 114 DRAFTED MEN FOR SERVICE

Will Leave Smethport June 24-29—Fifteen Men In Special Call Will Go To Erie Next Saturday.

Following are the names of the draftees of the second district who will leave Smethport sometime during the five day period between June 24-29. There are 99 men in the party which include one being sent who was in a previous draft.

Grant Edward Smith, Kane.
Clayton R. Ostrander, Pt. Allegany.
Elmer O. Youngquist, Kane.
Michael Langlanese, Lewis Run.
August Larese, Pt. Allegany.
Rudolph T. Samuelson, Kane.
Albert W. Anderson, Pt Allegany.
Lee Williams, Kane.
William Zentz, Kane.
George Albert Magness, Clermont.
Francis J. Lynch, E. Smethport.
John H. Golden, Mt. Jewett.
Victor Rizzardi, Pt. Allegany.
John Shirey, Hazelhurst.
Edward Rosler, Smethport.
Edward L. Shelander, Marvindale.
Arthur W. Lunden, Hazelhurst.
Alfred G. Bush, Smethport.
Lloyd Mowery, Pt. Allegany.
Philip Ross, Lewis Run.
Arthur Alfsen, Ludlow.
Harry Albert Park, Pt Allegany.
Dairo Bloomquist, Mt. Jewett
Dominica Capita, Westline.
Frank S. Curran, Kane.
Tony Licastro, Kane.
Geo. Siefred Anderson, Pt. Allegany.
Edwin Wm. Nelson, Mt. Jewett.
Fred Henry Biever, Smethport.
Edward L. Gustafson, Mt Jewett.
Charles W. McKean, Smethport, R 4.
Bert Dennison, Kinzua.
John Ernest A. Nalgoby, Pt. Allegany.
Crescenza Tuosto, Lewis Run.
Chas. August Lewis, Pt. Allegany. R 2
Ned Elmer Rose, Kane, R. D. 2.
Lisle McDowell, Pt. Allegany.
George Thomas Charles, Mt. Jewett.
Frank D. Price, Norwich.
Ray Edward Kridler, Westline.
Edward William Mowery, Lafayette.
Claude M. Hodgkins, Betula.
Charles Hudson, Hazelhurst.
Gaylord W. Haskins, Norwich.
Walter Scott, Kane.
Prunglono Piluso, Hazelhurst.
Tony Migliazzi, Kane.
Ralph Whitford Niver, Gifford.
Harry Fulkrod, Kane R. D. 1.
Francesco Defazio, Kane.
Norbert Arthur McClellan, Kane.
Giovanni Susi, Lewis Run.
Joe Vecellio, Lewis Run.
Dominick Franca, Smethport.
Claud Wm. Anderson, Kane R. D. 1.
Henry Anthony Detrick, Kane.
Harry M. McCormick, Norwich.
Henry Ray Valentine, Kane.
Gard L. Young, Smethport.
Charles Tarbox, Port Allegany.
Lemuel Geo. Crandall, Mt. Jewett.
Erhart Wilfred Lunden, Wetmore.
Howard Packer, Burrows
Howard E. Fitzsimmons, Pt. Allegany
Fredolph E. Augustson, Wetmore.
Clyde August Nelson, Kane.
Wright Carlyle Smith, Smethport.
George Lewyn Stickles, E. Smethport.
Otto Swanson, Kane.
Arthur Paul Mellander, Kane.
Steve Henry Jerman, Kane R. D. 3.
Jesse C. Royer, Norwch.
David Hjalmer Gustafson, Kane.
Gustave E. Hagman, Clermont.
Joe C. Henry, Port Allegany,
Frank Schoonover, Pt. Allegany.
Daniel B. Anderson, Ludlow.
Emil Emanuel Westerberg, Kane.
Gesolamo Bonadio, Kane.
Joseph Theodore Silfies, Clermont.
James A. Andorfer, Mt. Jewett.
Henry Hjahmar Helmell, Kane.
Robert G. Simpson, Kane.
Harry J. Christensen, Kane.
Salvator Palmarins, Kane.
Wesley Archibald Allen, Crosby.
Sam Savola, Kane.
Rudolph Bolles, Mt. Jewett.
Albert T. Nelson, Mt. Jewett.
Earl Emmett Davis, Mt Jewett.
James Alfred Johnson, Port Allegany.
Joseph Murphy, Port Allegany.
David William McKnall, Kane.
Paolo Frazipane, Clermont.
James Joseph Dalton, Kane.
Otto Boedecker, Kane.
William Hugh Abbey, Smethport.

The following 15 men will leave Smethport next Saturday for Erie, Pa where they will be given instructions as sheet metal workers, electricians, bench wood workers, chauffeurs, wireless operators and carpenters.

Carl A. Anderson, Kane.
Oscar D. Davis, Pt. Allegany.
Robt. F. McCarthy, Mt. Jewett.
Clyde Stillman Oakes, Mt. Jewett.
Maxwell Curtis MacEwen, Kane.
Waldemar Bolgquist, Ludlow.
Chas. John Nelson, Kane.
William Clale Burr, Pt. Allegany.
Clarence John Shattuck, Betula.
Elmer Harris Bailey, Pt. Allegany.
Edwin Godfrey Linn, Kane.
Walter C. Rogg, Pt. Allegany, R. D. 1.
William R. Chase, Pt. Allegany.
William A. Swanson, Pt. Allegany.
John Rogner Fredell, Kane R. D. 1.

ROBBED A RESTAURANT.

Four men, who it is alleged, entered the restaurant of Dennis Daly at Larabee early Saturday morning and stole all the eatables in the place, were brought before Justice of the Peace A. W. Colegrove, Monday afternoon and held for court on robbery charges. It is claimed that the loot from the restaurant included allcan-ned goods, four gallons of ice cream, bread meat and pies as well as cigarettes smoking tobacco and cigars. The quarrette hit the Pennsylvania tracks and carried their loot through Smethport and nearly to Crosby where apparently they stopped and ate all the eatables, he result was that in a gorged condition they laid down near the tracks and went to sleep. It was necessary to stop a train to keep from running over them and shortly after that they were gathered into custody by Policeman Samuel Hendrickson of Crosby and brought to Smethport. Cigarettes, chewing gum, and other properly stolen from the restaurant were found in their possession and it is further alleged that some of them made a confession.

While the men will be arraigned on robbery charges, inquiry is being made as to their draft status, and it is said that in one case a charge of desertion may be brought. Three of the men claim to be from Baltimore and one says he is from New York.

JUDGE BOUTON'S CANDIDACY.

The many friends of Judge Joseph W. Bouton of the McKean county courts, will be glad to learn that he is in the open and is making a fight for a seat on the Supreme bench of the state.

Judge Bouton is known to all the attorneys at the Westmoreland county bar. In fact, he has wide general acquaintance in this county and in all the other counties in the western end of the state, and he is deservedly popular.

"Judge Bouton is regarded as one of the leading Common Pleas Judges in the state." That's a comment not infrequently heard. And that's a comment very generally approved by those who have had the pleasure of knowing him. — Greensburg Daily Tribune.

Recognizing the worth of this well known jurist the members of the Indiana county bar will heartily endorse this high esteem paid to Judge Bouton's candidacy by Westmoreland county.—Indiana Progress.

DEATH OF WILLIAM BROODER.

The sudden death of William Brooder of Sartwell, occurred in Buffalo Friday morning while in that city consulting a specialist in regard to his eyes. Mr. Brooder was 85 years old and had always enjoyed the best of health, death overtaking him as he sat in a chair. He was a farmer by occupation and came to this county over 50 years ago. He was a brother of Edward and J. D. Brooder, of Kane. Funeral services were held at Sartwell on Monday morning.

In the early history of the county Mr. Brooder was active in politics, being a full-fledged Democrat, and was chosen in 1856 as delegate to the national convention which nominated James Buchanan president of the United States.

Mr. Brooder served several terms as a Jury Commissioner of McKean county.

—Wednesday Smethport was again visited by a severe wind and electrical storm that did considerable damage to fruit and ornamental trees in the borough and vicinity. The storm struck here about 3 o'clock in the morning and its fury caused many people to leave their beds and wait for cyclone cellars. Dozens of trees were blown down or broken off while the heavy downpore of rain did considerable damage by washing out gardens.

TOM RYAN MAY GET FRENCH CROSS FOR BRAVERY

Was One of a Boat's Crew That Saved Drowning Soldiers During an Exciting Battle With Submarines.

Additional particulars have reached this office of Thomas Ryan's experiences on board the transport, brief mention of which was made last week. Two German submarines attacked the transport of which young Ryan is one of the crew as well as two other transports which were being convoyed across the Atlantic by destroyers. The attack occurred in the dead of night and Tom was awakened by the firing. Without waiting to dress he rushed to his post of duty on deck and was just in time to form one of a lifeboat's crew that volunteered to go after some men who had fallen or jumped overboard from one of the other transports. The crew of the boat was very near to death on that night of battle and although half drowned themselves from rescuing drowning men and nearly run down by a destroyer they picked up every one of the unfortunate men and brought them safely aboard ship. For their bravery in rescuing the drowning soldiers the lifeboat's crew has been recommended for the French Croix de Guerre cross of honor. Tom comes of a fighting family, and it is eminently fitting that he should be the first McKean county man to receive the French decoration. His grandfather, Thomas Ryan, was a hero in many a desprate exploit of the famous old Bucktail Regiment during the Civil war.

It is with great satisfaction that we note that both German submarines were destroyed on this occasion. The destroyers to make doubly sure of their destruction dropped depth bombs and the force of these explosives can be judged from the fact that the steam of one of the big transports was lifted clear, of the water by the explosion of one of these bombs hundreds of yards distant from the ship.

LETTER FROM A FORMER SMETHPORT BOY.

Following are extracts from a letter received Monday from Herbert B. Corey, who formerly resided with his parents on Willow stret, Smethport. Many people here will remember Bert Corey.

Editor Miner:—Have just finished reading some papers my mother sent me. Among them was a McKean County Miner. It brought back to memory the different friends that I have there, and the days of my boyhood in Smethport. I hope to be able to pay a visit to Smethport this summer.

I have been very busy since I enlisted in the Naval Flying Corps April 6, 1917. There is lots of study and going through instructions before you are allowed to fly. Now I have an aeroplane of my own to take care of, and it needs a lot of attention, you may be sure. We are not having any liberty at the present time, but if I can't get leave I will have the MINER anyway and enclose subscription.

We are very busy now flying after the German subs that are working just off the coast here. The flights are short and will make it easy for us to drop aerial bombs when we get sight of them. We had our machine out all night looking for subs and therefore I am quite sleepy and will close.

Very Truly,
H. B. CORY,
Rockway Beach, L. I.
U. S. Naval Aeronautic Station.

—Ghordis Pickersgill, son Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Pickersgill, who is fighting in France, in a recent letter to his parents said that he would be home Christmas, and that the war would be a thing of the past by that time. The optimistic view of this young man seems to be pretty generally shared by his comrades.

FOR SALE.

Horse, horse furnishings, cutter, store fixtures, etc., Inquire of Howard Brownell adv24w1.

SEED BUCKWHEAT.

carefully Re-cleaned $5.00 per hundred at Holmes & Gilfillan, 24w2 Smethport, Pa.

SHOOTING AFFRAY AT KANE.

Kane, Pa., June 11.—An Italian said to be Fortunato Calabrese, address unknown, is in the Kane Summit hospital suffering rom a bullet wound in the jaw and neck resulting from what has all appearances of a gun duel between men inside and outside of the western half of the double house at No. 127 Moffit alley early yesterday morning. While the wound is serious, barring chance of infection the man is believed to have a good chance for recovery. No arrests have been made.

The home of Dominic Rich, at the Moffit alley address, appears to have been the center of hostilities and it did not escape without scars of battle. The lower window was broken, one bullet smashed out a considerable section of glass and another bullet making a small hole that gives every evidence of a bullet entering from the outside. The upper half of the door was screened by a curtain in lieu of glass and blackened marks about some of the openings in the curtain have every appearance of powder burns. That bullets were fired from the interior of the house, or the same general direction is indicated by bullet holes in the garage of Dr. J. M. Heimbach, one of which penetrated the celluloid peep hole in the rear curtain of the car. Splintered sash of the Rich house gives strongest indication a bullet was fired from the interior.

People in the neighborhood report that the shooting was lively, from seven to ten shots being fired. In addition to the members of Dominic Rich's family, two other men were in the house when Burgess Wood and Night Policeman Al Cartwright arrived. The officials were told that two men had left.—Besides the men reported in the house, a woman and a boy were occupants during the melee. Noise at the house is reported as considerable at 11 o'clock, and is said to have continued up to 12:30 when the shooting occurred. Numerous visitors are said to be at the Rich home frequently.

When the burgess started his investigation, he searched the section about the shots with a spotlight and found the wounded man lying in the grass near the home of John Westerberg, 150 feet distant. He took the man to the lockup but when he discovered the nature of the wounds, transferrd him to the hospital. The bullet was found to have entered the left side of the jaw knocking out several teeth. The wound extended so the bulle passed out of the back of the neck. One tonsil probably was penetrate and the man's escape from a fatal wound in the spine was close. By a small margin of space. Kane was saved from the notoriety of another murder.

The victim is unable to talk but little and what information he has given has not been verified by investigation. He gave his address as 125 Haines street, but no house is so numbered so far as Chief Benson can find. He had a registration card from the Fifth district of Albany, N. Y., bearing the name of Fortunato Calabrese in class V., indicating claim to exemption as a friendly alien. The fellow apparently is about 28 years old. The police have no record of him in Kane, though he claims he is married and has four children.

LYNE-ANDERSON.

A very pretty wedding was solemnized at the home of Mrs. Christine Anderson on East Main street, at 9:30 o'clock Monday morning, June 10, 1918, when Rev E. H. Edson, rector of St. Luke's Episcopal church, united in marriage, Miss Anna Matilda Anderson, daughter of Mrs. Christine Anderson, to Albert Henry Lyne, of this place.

They were attended by the bride's sister, Mrs. James Francis and her husband Mr. James Francis of Davis, Pa.

The bride wore a dark blue tailored suit with hat to match and carried a bridal bouquet of roses. Only the members of the immediate family were present.

The house was beautifully decorated with ferns, mountain laurel and roses. Immediately after the ceremony an elegant breakfast was served.

Mr. and Mrs. Lyne left on the 10:10 train for Pittsburgh, where they will spend some time. They will make their home on East Main street upon their return.

Subscribe for the MINER.

ENTERTAINING LETTER FROM REV. MR. VAN DYKE

Is Having Interesting Experiences and Learning Many New and Strange Things in Y. M. C. A. Service.

Guy McCoy received a letter this week from Rev. W. E. VanDyke and the following extracts will show that the popular clergyman is meeting with some new and interesting experiences right at the start of his new work:

"I have been attending instruction classes and yesterday and to-day I did practical work in the Y. M. C. A. at Hoboken. It was interesting, inspiring and instructive. The work is so varied that one cannot speak of it in detail. It was interesting to serve the soldiers and sailors, largely sailors. Not a moment of spare time the four hours on duty today. I wish you could have seen me. Do you know the price of Piedmont or Fatima or Mecca cigarettes? To say nothing of other brands. Or can you hand out soap and towel for a bath and direct one to the bathing place; deliver the mail as asked; take care of money deposited for safe keeping and at the same time give out pool balls for one or all of five tables; check parcels; advise how to telephone people in places you never heard of before; able to tell whether the car strike prevents one from reaching a place you know only by hearsay, check parcels sell stamps by the gross; tie up parcels for posting and [illegible] to tell how much postage and in which zone? If not you can get a liberal education in places like this. We only handle chocolate bars and other bars for five cents. More kinds than I dreamed were made, and these lads are strong for candy. Letters by the score are written here. One meets lonely homesick lads; disappointed too when there is no letter. I enjoyed the day, but was tired. There is a dining room upstairs and a canteen back reaching by stage to the other street. It is a large and busy place.

Am waiting orders and may go any time, but do not know. Just when and would not tell if I did know. I hope it will be soon."

ANTI-MORMON CRUSADE.

Irvin M. Johnson, Crusade director for the National Reform Association of Pittsburgh, has arranged to have two noted speakers address mass meetings in churches of Smethport. The first meeting will be for women only in the Methodist Episcopal Church, 2:30 p. m., sharp, Monday, June 17th, and will be addressed by Mrs. Lulu Lowden, [illegible] of Salt Lake City, Utah, known as the "silver-tongued orator of the Rockies." The second meeting will be for the general public in the Baptist Church, 8 p. m. Thursday, June 11, and will be addressed by Arthur C. Latimer, former Mormon high priest of Utah.

Mr. Johnson states that these meetings are part of the nationwide crusade against the crimes and treason of the Mormon leaders. Sentiment is being created for an anti-polygmy amendment to the Federal Constitution; for the closing of the mails to the teaching of polygamy; for an accounting of a great government trust fund held and misused by the head of the Mormon Church; for a re-opening of the case of the People vs. Reed Smoot sitting as Senator from Utah and for the expulsion of Reed Smoot from the Senate of the United States.

E. A. STUDHOLME DEPARTED.

Ed A. Studholme, president of the Grange National Bank, Smethport, departed Friday for New York City, where he will prepare for oversea service with the Y. M. C. A. Mr. Studholme's patriotism is highly commended. Although he was a very busy man of affairs and prominent in the Public Safety Committee, he felt he could better serve his country by giving his whole service and entered the work for which he is well fitted.

LOST

Monday evening at the Star Theatre or between there and the residence of Mrs. S. E. Bell, an oldfashioned breast pin with bunch of grapes engraved on same. Kindly return to Mrs. S. E. Bell. adv24w1

MEN WHO REGISTERED ON JUNE 5.

Registration numbers assigned to the 173 men reaching the age of 21 years, who registered last Wednesday local selective board of the second day, have been announced by the district of McKean county and are published herewith.

Method of assigning the order numbers, which determine the order of eligibility and call for service, will be announced later from the war department at Washington, but it is believed unlikely that the order numbers will be known for 30 days.

Belief is general that system similar to the drawing of last year will be followed to determine order number. In the 1917 drawing No. 250 was first drawn and men having such registration received order number 1. If same system is followed this year, a man knowing his registration number, as announced today, can determine order number, by its position in the list of registration numbers drawn or otherwise assigned.

Careful scrutiny of the list published to-day is requested by draft board officials and it is urged as a patriotic duty to report to the local board names of any persons not registered and believed to be eligible.

Numbers 1 to 10.

Henry Gilbert Nelson, Ludlow.
James R. Collinge, Kane.
Russell A. Strong, Port Allegany.
Richard G. Carlson, Port. Allegany.
Elery A. Claflin, R. 3, Port Allegany.
Hale W. Johnson, Port Allegany.
Clarence W. Haynes, Port Allegany.
Harvey L. Allison, Port Allegany.
Sylvester F. Mahoney, Ormsby.
Frederick W. Truesdale, Cyclone.

Numbers 10 to 20.

Leo Harold Cook, Port Allegany
Oscar W. Pearson, R. 3, Pt Allegany.
Charles L. Power, Betula.
John S. McNally, R. 1, Pt. Allegany.
Frank K. Headd, Port Allegany.
Julius L. Samson, Port Allegany.
Frank R. Nelson, Port Allegany.
Paul A. Winterquist, Port Allegany.
Gust F. Swanson, Port Allegany.
John H. Anderson, Port Allegany.

Numbers 21 to 30.

Hugh E. Niver, Gifford.
Harold Aaron Thoren, Port Allegany.
Merle A. Bush, Betula.
Allen M. Burdick, R. D. 3, Smethport.
Robert E. Evans, Kane.
John E. Calderwood, Kane.
George O. Bloomquist, Kane.
Herbert C. Hanson, Ludlow.
Luther M. Maze, Kane.
Joseph E. Daly, Kane.

Numbers 31 to 40.

McKinley R. Lewis, Kane.
Carl R. Johnson, Marvindale.
Joseph Gross, Kane.
Pher F. Bloomquist, Kane
E. Francis Fox, Hazelhurst.
Carl E. Palmquist, Hazelhurst.
William P. Stiles, Westline.
Frank Pros[illegible]orwich.
Charles [illegible], Norwich.
John Lucick, Norwich.

Numbers 41 to 50.

Frank Benedick, Kane.
George M. Hevizd, Ludlow.
Gale P. Oakes, Mt. Jewett.
Eber W. Johnson, Mt. Jewett.
Grant Perry, Smethport, R. D. 4.
Lawrence L. McDermott, Gifford.
Don. A. Willoughby, Gifford.
Albert L. Edgar, Hazelhurst.
Guy Leo Smith, Mt. Jewett, R. D. 1.
Santo Bonfilio, Kane.

Numbers 51 to 60.

Claude M. Sturtevant, Hazelhurst.
Carl H. Johnson, Mt. Jewett.
Mike Napolitan, Hazelhurst.
Wm. H. Naegley, Port Allegany.
Norbert Black, Lafayette.
Earl Smith, Hutchins.
Antonia De Filippo, Norwich.
Dominico Ebuone, Norwich.
Belli Valentino, Norwich.
Costante Lazzari, Norwich.
..... Numbers 61 to 70. .....
Dominic Mupgo, Betula.
Alfre Martellucci, Betula.
Francesco Pompili, Lewis Run.
Charles H. Carnahan, Kane.
Guiseppe Piscitelli, Lewis Run.
Pietro Pazzagliula, Kushequa.
William G. Gustafson, Kane.
Louis Frank Fries, Kane.
Feliciano Scalzo, Lewis Run.
William C. Starner, Kane.

Number 71 to 80.

George Kostinis, Ludlow.
Antonio Primikiris, Ludlow.
Axel R. Tunall, Kane.
Joseph Nicholas, Kane, Wetmore road
Thomas R. Alloy, Kane.
Joseph A. McCarney, Port Allegany.
Alvin O. Stanton, East Smethport.
Joseph R. Hetznecker, Kane.
Allan W. Gillett, Kane.
Harry J. Burt, R. 4, Smethport.

(Continued on Page Six.)

"OUTWITTING THE HUN"

by LIEUTENANT PAT O'BRIEN

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PREFACE.

There is a common idea that the age of miracles is past. Perhaps it is, but if so, the change must have come about within the past few weeks—after I escaped into Holland. For if anything is certain in this life it is this: this book never would have been written but for the succession of miracles set forth in these pages.

Miracles, luck, coincidence, Providence—it doesn't matter much what you call it—certainly played an important part in the series of hair-breadth escapes in which I figured during my short but eventful appearance in the great drama now being enacted across the seas. Without it, all my efforts and sufferings would have been quite unavailing.

No one realizes this better than I do and I want to repeat it right here because elsewhere in these pages I may appear occasionally to overlook or minimize it; without the help of Providence I would not be here today.

But this same Providence which brought me home safely, despite all the dangers which beset me, may work similar miracles for others, and it is in the hope of encouraging other poor devils who may find themselves in situations as hopeless apparently as mine oftentimes were that this book is written.

When this cruel war is over—which I trust may be sooner than I expect it to be—I hope I shall have an opportunity to revisit the scenes of my adventures and to thank in person in an adequate manner every one who extended a helping hand to me when I was a wretched fugitive. All of them took great risks in befriending an escaped prisoner and they did it without the slightest hope of reward. At the same time I hope I shall have a chance to pay my compliments to those who endeavored to take advantage of my distress.

In the meanwhile, however, I can only express my thanks in this ineffective manner, trusting that in some mysterious way a copy of this book may fall into the hands of every one who befriended me. I hope particularly that every good Hollander who played the part of the Good Samaritan to me so bountifully after my escape from Belgium will see these pages and feel that I am absolutely sincere when I say that words cannot begin to express my sense of gratitude to the Dutch people.

It is needless for me to say how deeply I feel for my fellow-prisoners in Germany who were less fortunate than I. Poor, poor fellows—they are the real victims of the war. I hope that every one of them may soon be restored to that freedom whose value I never fully realized until after I had had to fight so hard to regain it.

PAT O'BRIEN.

Momence, Ill., January 14, 1918.

CHAPTER I.

The Folly of Despair.

Less than nine months ago eighteen officers of the Royal flying corps, which had been training in Canada, left for England on the Meganic.

If any of them was over twenty-five years of age, he had successfully concealed the fact, because they don't accept older men for the R. F. C.

Nine of the squadron were British subjects; the other nine were Americans, who, tired of waiting for their own country to take her place with the allies, had joined the British colors in Canada. I was one of the latter.

We were going to England to earn our "wings"—a qualification which must be won before a member of the R. F. C. is allowed to hunt the Huns on the western front.

This was in May, 1917.

By August 1, most of us were fledged pilots, actively engaged at various parts of the line in daily conflict with the enemy.

By December 15, every man jack of us who had met the enemy in France, with one exception, had appeared on the casualty list. The exception was H. K. Boysen, an American, who at last report was fighting on the Italian front still unscathed. Whether his good fortune has stood him up to this time I don't know, but if it has I would be very much surprised.

Of the others, five were killed in action—three Americans, one Canadian, and one Englishman. Three more were in all probability killed in action although officially they are listed merely as "missing." One of these was an American, one a Canadian, and the third a Scotchman. Three more, two of them Americans, were seriously wounded. Another, a Canadian, is a prisoner in Germany. I know nothing of the others.

What happened to me is narrated in these pages. I wish, instead, I could tell the story of each of my brave comrades, for not one of them was downed, I am sure, without upholding the best traditions of the R. F. C. Unfortunately, however, of the eighteen who sailed on the Meganic last May, I happened to be the first to fall into the hands of the Huns, and what befell my comrades after that, with one exception, I know only second hand.

The exception was the case of poor, brave Paul Raney—my closest chum—whose last battle I witnessed from my German prison—but that is a story I shall tell in its proper place.

In one way, however, I think the story of my own "big adventure" and my miraculous escape may, perhaps, serve a purpose as useful as that of the heroic fate of my less fortunate comrades. Their story, it is true, might inspire others to deeds of heroism, but mine, I hope, will convey the equally valuable lesson of the folly of despair.

Many were the times in the course of my struggles when it seemed absolutely useless to continue. In a hostile country, where discovery meant death, wounded, sick, famished, friendless, hundreds of miles from the nearest neutral territory the frontier of which was so closely guarded that even if I got there it seemed too much to hope that I could ever get through, what was the use of enduring further agony?

And yet here I am, in the land of liberty—although in a somewhat ob-

Lieut. Pat O'Brien in the Uniform of the Royal Flying Corps.

scure corner of it—the little town of Momence, Ill., where I was born—not very much the worse for wear after all I've been through, and, as I write these words not eight months have passed since my seventeen comrades and I sailed from Canada on the Meganic.

Can it be possible that I was spared to convey a message of hope to others who are destined for similar trials? I am afraid there will be many of them.

Years ago I heard of the epitaph which is said to have been found on a child's grave:

"If I was so soon to be done for
What, O Lord, was I ever begun for?"

The way it has come to me since I returned from Europe is:

"If, O Lord, I was to be done for,
What were my sufferings e'er begun for?"

Perhaps the answer lies in the suggestion I have made.

At any rate, if this record of my adventures should prove instrumental in sustaining others who need encouragement, I shall feel that my sufferings were not in vain.

It is hardly likely that anyone will quite duplicate my experiences, but I haven't the slightest doubt that many will have to go through trials equally nerve-racking and suffer disappointments just as disheartening.

It would be very far from the mark to imagine that the optimism which I am preaching now so glibly sustained me through all my troubles. On the contrary, I am free to confess that I frequently gave way to despair and often, for hours at a time, felt so dejected and discouraged that I really didn't care what happened to me. Indeed, I rather hoped that something would happen to put an end to my misery.

But despite all my despondency and hopelessness, the worst never happened, and I can't help thinking that my salvation must have been designed to show the way to others.

CHAPTER II.

I Became a Fighting Scout.

I started flying in Chicago in 1912. I was then eighteen years old, but I had had a hankering for the air ever since I can remember.

As a youngster I followed the exploits of the Wrights with the greatest interest, although I must confess I sometimes hoped that they wouldn't really conquer the air until I had had a whack at it myself. I got more whacks than I was looking for later on.

Needless to say, my parents were very much opposed to my risking my life at what was undoubtedly at that time one of the most hazardous "pastimes" a young fellow could select, and every time I had a smashup or some other mishap I was ordered never to go near an aviation field again.

So I went out to California. There another fellow and I built our own machine, which we flew in various parts of the state.

In the early part of 1916, when trouble was brewing in Mexico, I joined the American flying corps. I was sent to San Diego, where the army flying school is located, and spent about eight months there, but as I was anxious to get into active service and there didn't seem much chance of America ever getting into the war, I resigned and, crossing over to Canada, joined the Royal Flying corps at Victoria, B. C.

I was sent to Camp Borden, Toronto, first to receive instruction and later to instruct. While a cadet I made the first loop ever made by a cadet in Canada, and after I had performed the stunt I half expected to be kicked out of the service for it. Apparently, however, they considered the source and let it go at that. Later on I had the satisfaction of introducing the loop as part of the regular course of instruction for cadets in the R. F. C., and I want to say right here that Camp Borden has turned out some of the best fliers that have ever gone to France.

In May, 1917, I and seventeen other Canadian fliers left for England on the Meganic, where we were to qualify for service in France.

Our squadron consisted of nine Americans, C. C. Robinson, H. A. Miller, F. S. McClurg, A. A. Allen, E. B. Garnet, H. K. Boysen, H. A. Smeeton and A. A. Taylor, and myself, and nine Britishers, Paul H. Raney, J. R. Park, C. Nelmes, C. R. Moore, T. L. Atkinson, F. C. Coury, A. Muir, E. A. L. F. Smith and A. C. Jones.

Within a few weeks after our arrival in England all of us had won our "wings"—the insignia worn on the left breast by every pilot on the western front.

We were all sent to a place in France known as the Pool Pilots Mess. Here men gather from all the training squadrons in Canada and England and await assignments to the particular squadron of which they are to become members.

The Pool Pilots Mess is situated a few miles back of the lines. Whenever a pilot is shot down or killed the Pool Pilots Mess is notified to send another to take his place.

There are so many casualties every day in the R. F. C. at one point of the front or another that the demand for new pilots is quite active, but when a fellow is itching to get into the fight as badly as I and my friends were I must confess that we got a little impatient, although we realized that every time a new man was called it meant that some one else had, in all probability, been killed, wounded or captured.

One morning an order came in for a scout pilot and one of my friends was assigned. I can tell you the rest of us were as envious of him as if it were the last chance any of us were ever going to have to get to the front. As it was, however, hardly more than three hours had elapsed before another wire was received at the mess and I was ordered to follow my friend. I afterward learned that as soon as he arrived at the squadron he prevailed upon the commanding officer of the squadron to wire for me.

At the Pool Pilots' Mess it was the custom of the officers to wear "shorts"—breeches that are about eight inches long, like the boy scouts wear, leaving a space of about eight inches of open country between the top of the puttees and the end of the shorts. The Australians wore them in Saloniki and at the Dardanelles.

When the order came in for me, I had these "shorts" on, and I didn't have time to change into other clothes. Indeed, I was in such a sweat to get to the front that if I had been in my pajamas I think I would have gone that way. As it was, it was raining and I threw an overcoat over me, jumped into the machine, and we made record time to the airdrome to which I had been ordered to report.

As I alighted from the automobile my overcoat blew open and displayed my manly form attired in "shorts" instead of in the regulation flying breeches, and the sight aroused considerable commotion in camp.

"Must be a Yankee!" I overheard one officer say to another as I approached. "No one but a Yankee would have the cheek to show up that way, you know!"

But they laughed good-naturedly as I came up to them, and welcomed me to the squadron, and I was soon very much at home.

My squadron was one of four stationed at an airdrome about eighteen miles back of the Ypres line. There were 18 pilots in our squadron, which was a scout squadron, scout machines carrying but one man.

A scout, sometimes called a fighting scout, has no bomb dropping or reconnoitering to do. His duty is just to fight, or, as the order was given to me, "You are expected to pick fights and not wait until they come to you!"

When bomb droppers go out over the lines in the daytime a scout squadron usually convoys them. The bomb droppers fly at about twelve thousand feet, and scouts a thousand feet or so above them.

If at any time they should be attacked, it is the duty of the scouts to dive down and carry on the fight, the orders of the bomb droppers being to go on dropping bombs and not to fight unless they have to. There is seldom a time that machines go out over the lines on this work in the daytime that they are not attacked at some time or other, and so the scouts usually have plenty of work to do. In addition to these attacks, however, the squadron is invariably under constant bombardment from the ground, but that doesn't worry us very much, as we know pretty well how to avoid being hit from that quarter.

On my first flight, after joining the squadron, I was taken out over the lines to get a look at things, map out my location in case I was ever lost, locate the forests, lakes and other landmarks and get the general lay of the land.

One thing that was impressed upon me very emphatically was the location of the hospitals, so that in case I was ever wounded and had the strength to pick my landing I could land as near as possible to a hospital. All these things a new pilot goes through during the first two or three days after joining a squadron.

Our regular routine was two flights a day, each of two hours' duration. After doing our regular patrol, it was our privilege to go off on our own hook if we wished, before going back to the squadron.

I soon found out that my squadron was some hot squadron, our flyers being almost always assigned to special duty work, such as shooting up trenches at a height of fifty feet from the ground.

I received my baptism into this kind of work the third time I went out over the lines, and I would recommend it to anyone who is hankering for excitement. You are not only apt to be attacked by hostile aircraft from above but you are swept by machine-gun fire from below. I have seen some of our machines come back from this work sometimes so riddled with bullets that I wondered how they ever held together. Before we started out on one of these jobs, we were mighty careful to see that our motors were in perfect condition, because they told us the "war bread was bad in Germany."

One morning, shortly after I joined the squadron, three of us started over the line of our own accord. We soon observed four enemy machines, two seaters, coming toward us. This type of machine is used by the Huns for artillery work and bomb dropping, and we knew they were on mischief bent. Each machine had a machine gun in front, worked by the pilot, and the observer also had a gun with which he could spray all around.

When we first noticed the Huns, our machines were about six miles back of the German lines and we were lying high up in the sky, keeping the sun behind us, so that the enemy could not see us.

We picked out three of the machines and dove down on them. I went right by the man I picked for myself and his observer in the rear seat kept pumping at me to beat the band. Not one of my shots took effect as I went right down under him, but I turned and gave him another burst of bullets and down he went in a spinning nose dive, one of his wings going one way and one another. As I saw him crash to the ground I knew that I had got my first hostile aircraft. One of my comrades was equally successful, but the other two German machines got away. We chased them back until things got too hot for us by reason of the appearance of other German machines, and then we called it a day.

This experience whetted my appetite for more of the same kind, and I did not have long to wait.

It may be well to explain here just what a spinning nose bend is. A few years ago the spinning nose dive was considered one of the most dangerous things a pilot could attempt, and many men were killed getting into this spin and not knowing how to come out of it. In fact, lots of pilots thought that when once you got into a spinning nose dive there was no way of coming out of it. It is now used, however, in actual flying.

The machines that are used in France are controlled in two ways both by hands and feet, the feet working the yoke or rudder bar which controls the rudder; that steers the machine. The lateral control, fore and aft, which cause the machine to rise or lower, are controlled by a contrivance called a "joy stick." If, when flying in the air, a pilot should release his hold on this stick it will gradually come toward the pilot.

In that position the machine will begin to climb. So if a pilot is shot and loses control of this "joy stick," his machine begins to ascend, and climbs until the angle formed becomes too great for it to continue or the motor to pull the plane; for a fraction of a second it stops, and the motor, then being the heaviest, it causes the nose of the machine to fall forward, pitching down at a terrific rate of speed and spinning at the same time. If the motor is still running, it naturally increases the speed much more than it would if the motor were shut off, and there is great danger that the wings will double up

(Continued on Page Seven.)

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

ATTORNEYS.

SHERIDAN GORTON.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. All legal business given prompt attention. Smethport, Pa.

F. D. GALLUP.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's bank. Smethport, Pa.

E. R. MAYO & SONS.
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. Office over Grange bank, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone. E. R. Mayo, Notary Public.

THOMAS H. MORRISON.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Smethport, Pa. All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

PHYSICIANS.

H. L. McCOY.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON. Office in I. O. O. F. block, Main street, Smethport, Pa.

JOHN CLARK, M. D., C. M.
Office and residence in Clark block, Smethport, Pa. Office hours: 8 to 10 a. m., and 1 to 3 p. m.

DENTISTS

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Anderson & Carlson Block.
Office Hours: 9 to 12; 1 to 5.

INSURANCE

FIRE,
LIFE,
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In Good Reliable Companies.

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SMETHPORT, PA.

Chas. Lemmler's

THE RELIABLE STORE

Now for many years ready to supply harnesses, whips blankets and robes—all sort of horse furnishing goods.

Trunks, suit cases, traveling bags—standard leather goods

SMETHPORT, PA.

Clementine Gaskin

DU FOUR SYSTEM

Try one of my Dry Shampoos at 25c. Regular Shampoos with Tonic applied 3 for $1.25.

All combings made up at 50c per o Du Four Toilet Articles on Sale

106 E. King Street, Smethport, P 'Phone 147R.

Denning's Market

ALWAYS THE BEST MEATS, POULTRY, FISH, OYSTERS, CHOICE GROCERIES.

OLEO 30c TO 37c POUND.

C. H. DENNING
Smethport, Pa.

Raising chicks in a Standard Colony Brooder is fun—it's so interesting to see the little fluffy things grow. And when they get big enough to care for themselves, how proud and rich you are! The

STANDARD COLONY BROODER
PATENTED

is the greatest, most practical coal-burning brooder ever made, regardless of price. Raises a hundred chicks or a thousand, and the cost is less than 6 cents a day. We guarantee the "Standard" to do all that any other brooder will do, and do it better—and we can write the guarantee! Put down in black and white just what you think a brooder should do and we'll back the "Standard" to do it. Can you ask more than that?

Ask us for a "Book of Proof"—free. Remember—$16 buys the Standard Colony Brooder. Come in and see it.

E. W. STRONG,

LODGE DIRECTORY.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge No. 282, meets on the second Wednesday of each month, at 8:15 p. m. at Masonic hall Main street.

ALL. J. HYATT, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. hall. Will work initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

J. A. JOHNSON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Secretary.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. hall.

J. A. JOHNSON, C. P.
J. A. SWANSON, S.

IDEAL REBEKAH LODGE, No. 66, meets the 1st and 3rd Monday evenings of each month, at 8 o'clock, in the I. O. O. F. hall.

LIZZIE DIGEL, N. G.
RACHEL P. AMSTER, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. hall.

KATE BENDER, Pres.
ANNA O. STARK, Sec'y.

P. of H.—Meets 1st and 3rd Saturdays of each month at 8:00 p. m., in I. O. O. F. hall HENRY J. RICE, M.
ANNA O. STARK, Sec'y.

PHOENIX CHAPTER, NO. 18, O. E. S.—Meets 1st and 3rd Thursday evenings in each month in I. O. O. F. hall.

MRS. GERTRUDE GARLICK, W. M.
W. B. HOPPER, W. P.
MISS RITA DENNING, Secy.

CHURCHES.

Methodist Episcopal Church—J. S. Fleming, pastor. Preaching 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school, 11:45 a. m.; Epworth League, 6:45 p. m. Evening service, 7:30. Mid-week prayer and praise service, Wednesday, 8 p. m.

Episcopal — Rev. W. H. VanDyke, rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional services at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday school at 12:00 m.

All Saints' Memorial Chapel—East Smethport, Rev. W. H. VanDyke, rector. Divine service and Sunday school every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

Baptist Church of Smethport—Rev. W. P. Wheeler, Pastor. Services: 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 11:45.

St. Elizabeth's Roman Catholic Church—P. J. Donahue, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m.

Swedish Mission Church—Rev. G. Pihlblad, pastor. Services every other Sunday at 10:45 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. On alternate Sundays meeting in the evening only. Sunday school every Sunday at 9:30 a. m. Prayer meeting Thursday night at 8 o'clock.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

STATE.

Governor—Martin G. Brumbaugh.
State Treasurer—Robert K. Young.
Auditor General—A. W. Powell.
Secy. Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

DISTRICT and COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—Charles H. Rowland, Phillipsburg.
State Senator—Frank E. Baldwin, Austin, Pa.
Members of Assembly—John A. Fitzgibbon, Bradford, Pa.; Frank P. Isherwood, Bradford, Pa.
State Highway Supt.—C. L. Lorah.

COUNTY.

Sheriff—E. W. Jones, Smethport.
Deputy Sheriffs—C. C. Choate, Smethport; J. H. Howe, Bradford.
Prothonotary—B. F. Starsky, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—Frank R. Foster, Smethport.
County Treasurer — Frank Potter, Kane.
Recorder of Deeds—H. M. Choate.
Commissioners—A. M. Marsh, Bradford; O. S. Gahagan, Mt. Jewett; T. E. Flaherty, Bradford.
Commissioners' Clerk—A. R. Anderson, Clermont.
Register of Wills and Clerk of Orphans' Court—John B. Eastman, Smethport.
Coroner—E. R. Sherman, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—Wm. H. Morrison, Smethport; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Jury Commissioners' Clerk — H. D. Otto, Smethport, R. F. D.
Auditors—R. A. Greer, Bradford; J. L. Abbott, Bradford; Frank Burdick, Smethport.
County School Superintendent—C. W. Lillibridge, Smethport.
Asst. County School Superintendent—B. S. Taylor, Bradford.
District Attorney—Thos. B. Wilson, Bradford.
Mercantile Appraiser—F. E. Goodman, Mt. Jewett.
Sealer of Weights and Measures—R. P. Yerdon, Smethport.
County Solicitor—C. W. Shattuck, Smethport.
County Detective—Joseph F. Robinson, Bradford.
County Viewers—Harvey G. Berkhouse, Kane; C. M. Colegrove, Smethport; Dennie Davis, Kane; Griffin Hatfield, Bradford; Edward Martin, Marvindale; Thos. H. Morrison, Smethport; F. M. Webster, Bradford; F. M. Wright, Eldred.
Farm Bureau Supt.—P. S. Crossman.
Supt. County Home—C. O. Taylor.
Probation Officers—Grace E. Cole, J. A. Lindsey.

Borough.

Burgess—Warley Gifford.
Council—C. M. Colegrove, pres.; F. H. Biever, secy.; Claude Hackett, B. T. Garlick, W. B. Hopper, J. A. Lindholm, W. H. Hungerford, J. S. Hull.
Justices—R. C. Gleason, A. W. Colegrove.
School Directors—E. A. Studholme, pres.; G. W. Mitchell, v. pres.; T. H. Morrison, sec'y.; W. F. Specht, treas.; T. F. Hungiville.
Board of Health—Dr. John Clark, sec'y.
Constable—C. B. Dickinson.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—Wade Burdick.
Auditors—Fred Masser, E. W. Strong, F. H. Biever.
Judge of Election—Frank Cummings.
Inspectors of Election—George Barbour, Herman Tull.
Borough Solicitor—H. L. Keenan.

War-time Responsibility—Yours and Ours

National necessity has put a new responsibility on every motorist.

Utmost service is demanded—the highest usefulness of yourself and your car.

Service and economy are your only considerations.

Our responsibility goes hand in hand with yours.

As the largest rubber manufacturer in the world, it is our duty to supply you with tires of unfailing reliability and extreme mileage.

United States Tires are more than making good in this time of stress.

They are setting new mileage records—establishing new standards of continuous service—effecting greater economy by reducing tire cost per mile.

There is a United States Tire for every car—passenger or commercial—and every condition of motoring.

The nearest United States Sales and Service Depot will cheerfully aid you in fitting the right tire to your needs.

United States Tires are Good Tires

We KNOW the United States Tires Are GOOD Tires. That's why we sell Them.

J. F. Armstrong, Norwich
James Quirk & Son, Smethport

Franklin Said:

"'Tis a Wise Man who plans for Winter blows while he enjoys Summer breezes."

SHREWD Men look ahead. They use our Bank Acount plan for accumulating for the future. A cordial invitation is extended to you to come in and open an account at this Bank. The services and facilities afforded you make this invitation worthy of your very careful consideration.

THE GRANGE NATIONAL BANK,
Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Pa., Thursday June 13,

—The Hamlin Bank and Trust Co. has a new advertisement to-day.

—"Outwitting the Hun." Pat O'Brien's great story starts to-day. Be sure to read the opening chapters.

—Read B. T. Garlick's advertisement to-day. As usual that popular ware store has something of interest.

—A new concrete walk is being laid along the east side of the Commercial House property, now occupied by J. J. Johnston as a laundry and residence. A concrete cross walk has also been constructed on Water street in front of the Democrat office.

—The United States Government needs clerks and stenographers. Full particulars may be had by applying at your local postoffice.

—Three meatless days a week within a month have been decided upon by the National Administration according to Robert Stevenson, assistant food administrator for Illinois.

—Rev. G. A. Pihlblad will preach a farewell sermon at the Colegrove church next Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. There will be special music.

—Private Paul Hallstrom, of the 662 Aero Squadron, Kelly Field San Antonio, Texas, a Smethport boy, has the thanks of the MINER for a copy of the Kelly Field Eagle, a newspaper published by the soldiers at that famous camp. It is a large and very interesting publication.

—Many people viewed the eclipse of the sun Saturday between 6 and 7:45 in the afternoon. The sun was close to the horizon, but was in sight long enough for a partial eclipse to be observed.

—The sales per capita of Thrift and War Savings Stamps in the cities and towns in the County up to June 1st show as follows:—Smethport, $9.82; Eldred $7.57; Mt. Jewett, $6.93; Kane, $4.47; Bradford, $3.37 and Port Allegany, $3.17. The sales in the State are $3.09 and in the Nation are $2.38.

—For a small town Emporium can certainly hold its own in furnishing startling news items. In last week's issue of the Independent is an account of two men killed at a powder mill; also a holdup story, the victim being robbed of $20 on Main street, and the account of a jewelry store being broken into and goods stolen. Sounds like Chicago.

—Last Wednesday Miss Dora Keenan of Smethport gave a bridge luncheon at her home. Those who autoed there from here were Mrs. R. A. Knox, Mrs. Robert Lewis, Mrs. James Covey, Mrs. Robert Olmsted, Mrs. John Collins, Mrs. Norman Healey and Mrs. Frank Kendig.—Coudersport Democrat.

—George Madison of Galeton, Pa., a member of the National Army, who went to Camp Lee last year, was apprehended at Belmont, N. Y., taken to the Coudersport jail and on Wednesday taken to Camp Merritt, as a deserter. Madison, who is a married man, was granted a furlough last March, while with the 30th Infantry at Camp Merritt. He failed to report at the expiration of his furlough.

—Stanley Coyle, aged 27 years, an instructor in the U. S. Aviation Corps at Kelly Field, San Diego, Cal. and a son of E. A. Coyle and the late Ella Coyle of this village, was instantly killed in an aeroplane collision at Kelly Field Tuesday of this week. The remains are being shipped to Coudersport and Burial will be made at Scio, N. Y., where the beloved mother is buried.—Coudersport Democrat.

—The largest and finest brook trout the editor has looked at in 20 years was the one that Dr. Lee D. Simpson landed while out trout fishing one day the latter part of the week. It was 15½ inches in length, plump as a bullet and weighed nearly two pounds. The editor caught within one of the limit of brook trout the same day, and if he could have had the pleasure of landing the one Simpson got he would willingly have traded his basket full for it.—Shinglehouse Mail.

—Harris Lennon, of Galeton, Pa., quartermaster of the first class in the navy aviation section, has downed his first German plane. Official announcement of the event has been made by the Naval department. Quartermaster Lennon was doing patrol duty some weeks ago and sighted two enemy planes. He headed for them and succeeded in bagging one, but the other escaped. He was wounded in the engagement and was in the hospital seven weeks.

NOTICE.

"Notice is hereby given that application has been made to The Public Service Commission of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, under the provisions of the Public Service Company Law, by The Pennsylvania Railroad Company, Lessee of the Western New York and Pennsylvania Railway Company, for a certificate of public convenience evidencing the Commission's requisite approval of the abolition of two crossings, at grade, by a public highway, known as State Highway Route No. 210, over the tracks and right of way of said Company, south of Bullis Mill Station and the substitution of a new road in lieu thereof, in Eldred Township, McKean County, Pennsylvania.

A public hearing upon this application will be held in the rooms of the Commission at Harrisburg, on the 27th day of June, A. D. 1918, at 9:30 a. m., when and where all persons in interest may appear and be heard, if they so desire."

Charles H. Bergner,
J. E. B. Cunningham,
Spencer G. Nauman,
Solicitors.

adv 24w2

FOR SALE ON CHAUTAUQUA LAKE.

Having foreclosed on two tile and concrete cottages. I will sell same at a sacrifice, 5 rooms each, electric wired, 5 cent car fare to Jamestown, address Julia Vincent, 105 Allen St., Jamestown, N. Y. adv24w3*

FOR SALE

Overland, 5-passenger, 4-cylinder, good as new. Terms very reasonable. Inquire at this office. adv22tf

MICKIE SAYS

BUH-LEEVE ME! IF WE'D SET UP SOME OF THIS COPY JEST LIKE IT COMES IN, WITHOUT MAKIN' NO CORRECTIONS NER NUTHIN', SOME OF THE 'INTELLECTUAL LIGHTS AROUN' THIS HERE NECK O' THE WOODS'D LOSE THEIR REPUTATIONS FER BEIN' EDDICATED!
I'LL SAY SO

Please Do Not Ask Our Operators for the Correct Time

A Necessary War-Time Request

WHEN a subscriber lifts his telephone receiver and asks: "What is the time, please?" the same service on the part of the operator, the same length of time and an equal use of telephone equipment generally are necessary as are required to complete an ordinary telephone call.

In every telephone central office there is a switchboard with a certain number of operators' positions; at each position is an operator; before each operator a certain number of subscribers' lines terminate. If these telephone facilities are taxed to their utmost and a large percentage of the calls is for the time of day, the telephone user will appreciate that to eliminate such calls will permit a reassignment or redistribution of both operators' service and telephone equipment and result in our being able to care for the abnormal demands of the present, and the even greater demands that we feel will be made upon our service in the months to come.

Every true American sees his personal obligation in the great National task at hand. The Telephone Company is keenly alive to the responsibility that rests upon it. Will you make only the necessary telephone calls and so assist this Company in its service?

THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF PA.
C. T. McKEES, Local Manager,
Bradford, Pa.

RED CROSS.

Mrs. Lucy Backus, chairman of the finance committee, reported the June collection as $1167.53. Included in this report are the regular monthly pledges and the following special items:

East Smethport Auxiliary	$42.25
D. A. R. Auxiliary	18.73
Curyville	5.75
C. F. Pappas-Candy Kitchen	70.11
Mrs. Burdick's Musical	50 00
School Cantata	119.00
Married Peoples Dance at Galco Park	16.50
Mr. Quirk's Dance	40.00
Twentieth Century Bridge Club	4.00
Auction Bridge Club	4.00
Mr. Henry Hamlin	505.00
Mrs. Emma McCandless	100.00
Grange	.25
Mr. & Mrs. W. L. Pierotti	2.50
Mrs. E. E. Heath	.50
Mrs. Purtle	1.00
Mrs. J. D. Abbey	.50
East Smethport Guild	1.00
George Schubert	1.00
Mrs. C. Omen	1.00
Chas. Curtiss	1.00
Mrs. Charles Pratt	.50
Clara Oviatt	.50
Mrs. H. H. Stone	1.00

The Finance Committee desires to express appreciation to the auxiliaries and to Mr. C. F. Pappas, Mrs. A. S. Burdick, Mr. Jas. Quirk, Mrs. E. E. Bouton and the school children and all others who contributed to make the largest collection up to the present time.

It is imperative that as much knitting as possible be accomplished during the summer months in order that the September shipment abroad may meet the requirements. To the end the suggestion is made that all women take as much yarn as they can possibly knit up when they go on their summer vacations and that every effort be made toward the accomplishment of a great deal of knitting during the summer. In addition to this there is need for more workers on hospital garments and the work may be done any day at Headquarters.

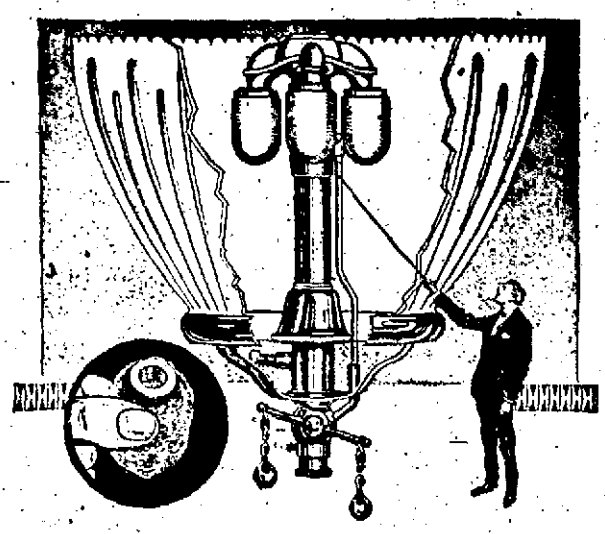
ARRESTED FOR CAR BURGLARY.

Pennsylvania railroad detectives have begun a campaign against car burglars and every effort will be made to break up the gang which has been breaking and entering cars in the local yards for some time past.

The campaign was set in motion Wednesday when Detective Barnes and Constable Story arrested W. F. Feser, 25, of Worden avenue, and L. S. Maloney, 27, of Sullivan street. The men, both switchmen in the employ of the road, are held on charges of burglary, third degree.

Feser and Maloney it is charged, stole several boxes of shoes from cars in transit. Homes of both were searched and shoes, alleged to have been stolen, were found. Detective Barnes was given a tip after efforts had been made to dispose of some of the shoes.

The government is determined that railroad property and freight in transit received proper protection, and detectives will make every effort to bring to justice guilty employes. Other arrests are expected to follow.—Olean Times.



Only This Is Needed

to transform completely the lighting of your home! Only this is needed to change a wasteful, unsatisfactory open-flame gas light into the most wonderful light of the age—the soft, eye-comforting, gas-saving "C. E-Z." LIGHT!

No matches necessary. No glassware, other than the eye-comforting "C. E-Z." shades which produce semi-indirect effect. The mantles cost only 7c. each, are very brilliant and durable, and cannot be injured before being placed on the burner. Fits any existing upright fixture.

See this wonderful light—little in size, big in candle-power—demonstrated in our showrooms.

CHARLES W. MASSER,
Hardware

Over A Million "C. E-Z." Lamps Already In Use In The United States

NOTICE

I AM IN NEED OF YOUR RAGS and will pay you higher prices than anyone else in the junk business.

Certain of my customers MUST HAVE THEM and are willing to pay me a price that warrants me in offering you an advance in prices over all others. If you have a few pounds on hand, a postal or 'phone message will bring me around if you live in town;—if you live out of town and will bring or send them in, I will pay you premium prices in spot cash.

At present my price for clean mixed rags is 2 cents per pound; also, please remember that I pay even more that that for rags of better grades. Do not dispose of anything in my line until you get my prices, otherwise WE BOTH LOSE.

I also buy all kinds of junk; metals, rubber, manilla rope, burlap, bags, etc., at top prices. Present prices for scrap iron until further notice, is $16.50 per gross ton delivered.

MEYER ZAFRON
SMETHPORT, PA.
Phone 28 M. Main St. and McCoys Corner.

McKean County Miner

HARRY L. BACKUS, Owner.

ROSS K. KNAPP, Editor and Manager

Entered at the Post Office at Smethport, Pa., as second-class matter

Smethport, Pa., Thursday, June 13, 1918.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

For Governor,
WILLIAM C. SPROUL,
of Chester County.

For Lieutenant-Governor
EDWARD E. BIEDLEMAN
of Dauphin County.

For Secretary of Internal Affairs.
JAMES F. WOODWARD,
of Allegany County.

For Congressmen-at-Large
MAHLON M. GARLAND,
of Allegany County.
THOMAS S. CRAGO,
of Greene County.
JOSEPH McLAUGHLIN,
of Philadelphia County.
ANDERSON H. WALTERS,
of Cambria County.

For Representative in Congress
EVAN J. JONES
of Bradford

For Members of Assembly
C. W. CATLIN
of Port Allegany.
J. A. FITZGIBBON
of Bradford.

Highway Commissioner J. Denny O'Neil in a statement issued in Harrisburg, Wednesday night declared that he would support Senator William C. Sproul, his successful opponent, for Governor and reasserted his opposition to the liquor traffic, saying there cannot be 100 per cent. efficiency unless drink is abolished. He said in part:

"My object in running for Governor was to make national prohibition an issue and to make this State 'dry' in 1919. I had no understanding or no agreement with any faction for support, and I made no deals during the campaign. Three Republican candidates and one of the Democratic candidates made open declaration in favor of ratification of the constitutional amendment providing for prohibition, and for the first time in the history of Pennsylvania prohibition was a real issue.

"Senator Sproul, the Republican nominee is on record as favoring the ratification of the Sheppard amendment, and for that reason I will not only support him, but will ask all my friends to do likewise. Judge Bonniwell, the Democratic candidate, is openly 'wet,' and should be defeated. Senator Sproul and his associates have it within their power to make Pennsylvania one of the 36 States which will ratify national prohibition.

"I have experienced no change of heart and in the future as in the past will do all I can to promote and help enact measures which will redeem Pennsylvania from booze control and corrupt politics."

Governor Brumbaugh would make no comment on Commissioner O'Neil's statement and did not indicate whether or not he would issue a similar one in the future. He said that he knew O'Neil had prepared such a statement.

In his recent address to Congress urging the enactment of a new tax law, President Wilson took occasion to declare that "politics is adjourned." The remark caused no little surprise for no one had observed the adjournment. It was but a few weeks before that President Wilson wrote a letter to the Democrats of New Jersey telling them of his duties as head of the Democratic party. Only a few days before the President announced the adjournment of politics, A. Mitchell Palmer and Vance McCormick, high in the councils of the Democratic party and high in official position in the administration, had been defeated in Pennsylvania, where their candidates were denied endorsemnt by their own party. Did the defeat of these gentlemen have anything to do with the alleged adjournment?

Smethport's per capita in War Savings Stamps is now nearly ten dollars. Let's double that figure before the end of the campaign. This town now has the proud distinction of leading the county, but we will all have to dig down in our pockets to keep it there. It's not only your duty but it's good business to buy War Savings Stamps.

"If you can't stand by your country shut up," says an administration admirer in a half column of tommyrot in which he attempts to make the point that all the brains of the country have been mobilized for the benefit of the administration at Washington. In his his silly screed he says that only "fools" criticise and goes on with a lot of cheap flag-flapping nonsense which no doubt he fondly imagines will be mistaken for patriotism. If his senseless advice had been followed no move would have been made to this day to avenge the murdered American babies of the Lusitania. Free speech has made America the greatest republic on the face of the earth and a man that urges its curtailment when the right is honestly used has no place in that republic. He belongs in Germany. But the cowardly streak is manifested when he brings the charge of disloyalty against honest critics that he does not know how to answer and falls back on the old standby, "If you can't stand by your country shut up."

Because some of the fun-loving youths in Bradford turned off the lights in the auditorium when diplomas were being distributed at the graduation exercises of grade pupils, one of the high lights in educational affairs over there became so peeved, that in a public statement he characterized the act as "villainous" and said a whole lot of other disagreeable things about a simple, thoughtless prank of youth. In a year or two the boy who turned out the lights may be dying for his country in a foreign land and thus the "villainous" act against the peace and dignity of the commencement exercises will be avenged.

Careful how you use the time-honored endorsement, "O. K." or you may be mistaken for a rough-neck that doesn't know any better, since our own Woodrow Wilson has discovered via the dictionary that the term is all wrong. It should be "Okeh," get that, "Okeh." No, not O. h——, but go look in the dictionary and see this: "O. K.—a humorous or ignorant spelling of what should be okeh, from the Choctaw language, meaning "It is so;" an article pronoun having a distinctive final use; all right; correct." Now if the President will please discover who hit Billy Patterson and how old is Ann all the mysteries of a long and checkered career will be solved for us.

A letter from F. F. Murray, editor of "Along the Way," published at Titusville says: "Is it not entirely practical to launch throughout the country, before the next bond issue, a movement for the creation in every locality of a special fund, (whether large or small,) made up exclusively of Liberty Loan bonds, to be held in trust by local commissions, for assisting in the future in permanent road construction? Here the commission for this purpose consists of the president and secretary of the Chamber of Commerce and Chairman of the road department, and fund is being formed, which, from the initial contributions, pledges and interest shown demonstrates that the work can be given the character of an important war service as well as for future road construction. The enrollment here is in clubs of 100, each club contributing a bond, with larger individual pledges following."

Special announcement for meetings in McKean county on June 28, 1918: The people of this County are expected to subscribe for and purchase during 1918, war savings stamps to the maturity value of $957,360.00 In order to distribute this allotment of War Savings Stamps equitably among the various parts of the County, a quota has been assigned for each district, which will be stated at the opening of every meeting held on June 28th. In order to raise the total amount from this County, it will be necessary that each district subscribe the amount alloted to it. This will not impose any burden on any persons in the district if each person does his duty, and the persons conducting the meetings in each district have been instructed to insist upon the total amount alloted to it being subscribed before the meetings are adjourned. (Signed)H. H. Redfield, War-Savings Chairman for McKean County.

Another week has gone by without any movement on the part of the Board of Trade to take up the matter of securing new industries for Smethport. This is the most vital matter that confronts this community at the present time and should receive immediate attention. Labor scarcity is no excuse for holding off—labor is not always going to be scarce. Careful thinkers say that when the war is ended an epoch of undreamed of prosperity is in store for this country. Smethport should be in a position to be able to get its share.

There are pests—and other pests, but an idle woman who makes a profession of minding other peoples business is the most pestiferous of all.

COURT HOUSE NOTES.

Marriage Licenses

June 5—John Sheldon Skelly and Sara Ballard both of Bradford, Pa.

June 6—Dudley G. Hull and Agnes C. Welch both of Eldred, Pa.

Frank Candina and Mary Annina Perone both of Ludlow, Pa.

June 8—Albert Henry Lyne and Anna Matilda Anderson both of Smethport, Pa.

June 10—Frank Lin Osgood and Bertha Martinez both of Sawyer City Pa.

June 11—Hugh M. Nelson of Chicago Ill. and Martha Eckles of Kane, Pa.

Ray Harry Northrop and Ruth Ellen Prior both of Bradford, Pa.

Jay M. Dorrion of Eldred Twp. and Colistia C. Rice of Eldred, Pa.

Deeds.

June 4—Harriet C. Whittaker to James Slade, Hazelhurst. $1.

Augustus W. Newell and wife to Abigal K. Pellett, Bradford, $1.

Abigal K. Pellett to Edmund J. Burns, Bradford, $1050.

June 5—Sara Gertrude Greenwood and husband to Bessie Serianns, Foster. $2000.

G. J. Smith and wife to Nelson E. Hermanson, Liberty, $75.

William G. Holder and wife to Eben C. Pattison, Smethport, $1.

June 6—Margaret B. Stone and husband to Katherine Seward, Bradford, $1.

Floyd P. Shurtz and wife to Emma L. Welman. Port Allegany, $2500.

Frank W. Perkins to Wilbur O. Benham, Eldred Twp., $300.

Nettie Lepsch and husband to C. D. Henline, Bradford, $1.

J. S. Fisher, Treas. to City of Bradford, Bradford, $30.07.

Same to Same, Bradford, $18.45.

Same to Same, Bradford. $11.05.

Same to Same, Bradford, $18.24.

Same to Same, Bradford, $114.46.

Same to Same, Bradford. $13.89.

Same to Same, Bradford, $240.82.

Same to Same. Bradford, $76.44.

Same to Same, Bradford. $9.62.

Same to Same, Bradford, $12.31.

Same to Same, Bradford, $16.43.

Same to Same, Bradford. $14.50.

Same to Same, Bradford, $9.38.

Same to Same, Bradford, $11.57.

Same to Same, Bradford. $119.64.

Ida E. Causer and husband to Floyd D. Causer and wife, Liberty, $400.

Nathalie Crego to Charles Sankner and wife, Lewis Run, $100.

Charles Sankner and wife to Nathalie Crego, Lewis Run. $100.

June 7—Gertrude C. Haven, et al to Edward C. Haven, Liberty, $1.

Phillip E. Dorey and wife to T. A. Cannon, Lewis Run, $1.

June 10—E. W. Jones. Sheriff to F. H. Raymond, Ceres, $51.16.

U. A. Palmer and wife to Albert G. Miller, Port Allegany, $1200.

Ludlow Real Estate Co., to Charles J. Hanson, Hamilton. $915.

T. B. Wood and wife to Rosette Lawton, Ceres. $1450.

June 11—Tamer Adella Black Brooks and husband to Royce B. Wells, Bradford, $700.

Edna T. Stewart and husband to Mary L. Jordon, et al. Bradford, $3400.

Adolf Langner and wife to Katherine Grover, Bradford, $1.

William A. McGregor and wife to Claude W. Foster, Bradford, $1000.

William H. King, et al. to Charles F. Watriss, Bradford, $1.

Anna Heblewhite to Pleasance H. Mundy Corydon, $1.

Satisfaction of Mortgage.

June 6.—B. W. James Admx. of to E. E. Bryner and Son, Keating, $7600.

Bradford Building, Loan and Savings Association to Charles P. Jacobson, Foster Twp., $600.

N. T. Jacobson to Charles P. Jacobson, Bradford Twp., $600.

Gladys L. Dykeman to Thomas Seward, Bradford, $800.

June 7.—A. W. Maxson to W. H. Folden and wife, Ceres, $300.

June 8.—Emma A. Bell to Michael Zetto and wife. Bradford, $400.

Bradford Building Loan and Savings Association to Pellegrino Affinito, Bradford, $400.

Same to Same Bradford, $300.

Bertha A. Matson, et al, Trustees, to George S. Thomas. Otto, $3200.

June 10—A. F. Shick to Elijah McKervey and wife, Liberty, $400.

Assignment of Mortgage.

June 6—F. J. Sanderson to K. C. Moody, Otto, $800.

June 7.—Oliver E. Seamans Bugnette, to A. W. Maxson, Ceres. $300.

SEED CORN.

Anyone who is in need of seed corn especially for replanting can get same from Farm Bureau at Smethport, since we have 20 bushels in excess of what was ordered. This corn is for sowed or silage purposes and and costs $4.00 per bushel if we furnish bag. Get in touch with the Farm Bureau.

SALESMEN.

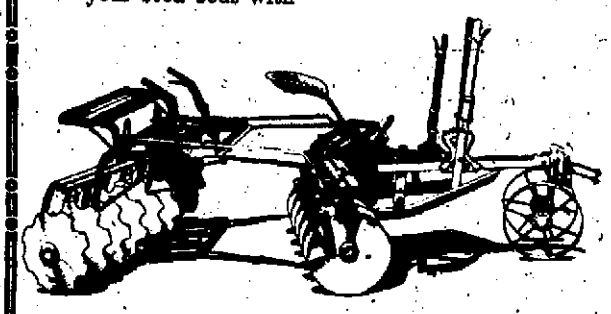
You can make from $75 to $100 per Week with our line of paints, greases and specialties. Write at once for proposition. Warren Refining & Chemical Co., Cleveland, O. 24w1*

Subscribe for the MINER.

Start Spring Right With a Good Seed Bed.

You are out to produce big crops this year. And the foundation of big crops is good seed beds.

You want to keep the moisture in your soil for it's this moisture that gives the seed good growth. And the best way in the world to keep that moisture in your soil is to make your seed beds with



Osborn Tillage Implements

An Osborne Disk Harrow disks a uniform depth the full width of the harrow. It fills your dead furrows and levels your back furrows.

An Osborne Spring Tooth and Peg Tooth harrow finishes up your seed beds as you like to see it finished. They do their work right.

The time to get these tillage implements on to your farm is right here now. Get our tillage implement proposition—you'll find it worth while. Come in any day.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN
Smethport.

EVERY DAY IS THRIFT DAY

To those who trade here. Get the best line of "substitutes" that are on the market to-day as well as the very choicest grades of staple groceries.

at

THE COLEGROVE GROCERY

The Store with many years' reputation for fair and square dealing.

YOU CANNOT

afford to insure yourself; otherwise you would not need insurance.

The same reasons that prompted you to carry insurance should, upon due inquiry, admonish you perhaps to take out more insurance, because of the increased cost of building materials, labor, and nearly every other item of expense entering into the cost of making repairs, or of re-building, after a fire. Ask

Burdick's Insurance Agency & Music Store

306 W. MAIN ST. SMETHPORT, PA.

TRY THE MINER
14 WEEKS
FOR 50c

FARMERS AND GARDENERS.

You can get
FORMALINE
for
SEED OATS AND POTATOES.
at

H. C. WELLS
SMETHPORT, PA.

UNDER MUSLIN SALE.

Assortments that will win your Approval.
Qualities that will win your Admirations.
Service that will win your Gratitude.
Values that will win your Thanks.

Items mentioned here are less than wholesale today, every article plainly marked for this sale.

SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1918

CORSET COVERS.

Extra Value	25c
Extra Value	29c
Extra Value	39c
Extra Value	59c

CAMESOLES

of Silk	75c
Crepe de chine	$1.00
Wonderfully	$1.25
pretty	$1.50
	$2.00

NIGHT GOWNS	75c
Lace and Embroidery	$1.00
Trimmed, a fine	$1.25
Assortment	$1.50
All Sizes	$2.00
Crepe Gown Extra Value	$3.75
	$1.00

DRAWERS	
for children	15c
Good Material	29c
Lace and Embroidery	50c
Trimmed	75c

TEDDY BEAR SUITS	$1.00
Beautiful Batiste	$1.25
Silk Mulls	$1.50,
In endless pretty	$1.75
Lace and Emb	$2.25
Trimming	

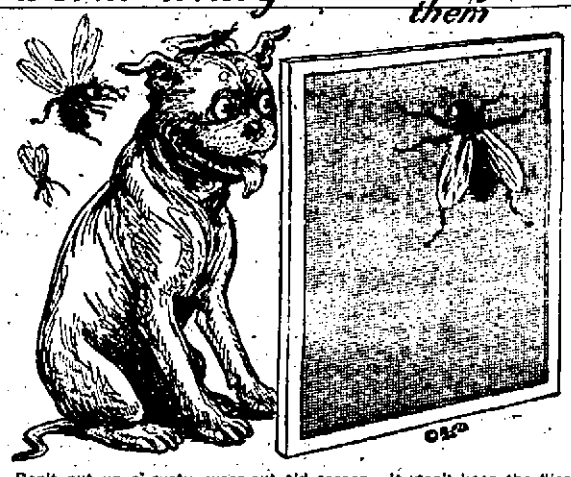
PETTICOATS.
A very complete Asst.

All sizes	79c
Beautifully	98c
Trimmed with	$1.00
Lace and	$1.25
Embroidery	$1.50
all with	$1.75
Dust Puffes	$2.25
Dust Ruffles	$3.50

Dont fail to see our showing of Dove Brand Silk and Muslin Underwear.

Masser Brothers Co
THE DEPENDABLE STORE PHONE 149

Screens for the windows and doors make life worth living *We've got them*



Don't put up a rusty, worn-out old screen. It won't keep the flies, mosquitos and insects out, but will make it harder for you to "drive" them out.

Screen doors and windows in all sizes. Black and galvanized screen by the square foot.

PRICES RIGHT.

THE CORNER HARDWARE.

B. T. GARLICK, Hardware
Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the Postoffice at Smethport, Pa., as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Pa., Thursday June 13,

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

J. C. Backus has had his residence on East Main street re-painted.

—R. C. Sasse has re-painted his house on the corner of Mechanic and King streets.

—Paul Connolly has been confined to his home on Water street for the past week by illness.

—Rev Mr. Gregson will occupy the pulpit at th M. E. church next Sunday. All are cordially invited to attend these services.

—Mrs. E. T. Daly entertained the Five Hundred club at her home Tuesday afternoon at a porch party. A collection was taken for the Red Cross that netted $1.70.

—Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Doyle are passing a month with Mrs. Doyle's parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. K. Hogarth. Mr. Doyle is leading man in the celebrated play, "Experience," while his wife, Leona Hogarth Doyle, plays the part of "Frailty" in the same production. Mr. Doyle purchased a Studebaker car recently from the Smethport Garage Co.

—Miss Bernice Terry is confined to her home on Mill street by illness.

—Two members of the Smethport Allied Band are included among the draftees who leave June 24-29, Hugh Abbey and Alfred Bush.

—Emmett Terry who has been confined to his home for the past two week suffering with a severe case of tonsilitis is much better at this time.

—Mrs. E. A. Studholme and daughter, Ada, are confined to their home on West Main street with scarlet fever. Late reports are that they are getting along nicely.

—Miss Alice Heath who has been confined to the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Connolly, for the past week with throat trouble has sufficiently recovered so as to be able to return to her duties at Buffalo yesterday.

—J. A. Entz, who has been principal of the Smethport borough schools for the past year, has resigned and has accepted a position in the State Normal School at California, Pa., where he was formerly one of the valued instructors. Mr. Entz has been offered this position at a salary reported to be $2500 per year. Mr. and Mrs. Entz have made many friends during their stay in Smethport who will regret to have them leave, but the best wishes of one and all will go with them.

—Mrs. S. F. Redfield entertained the Auction Bridge Club Monday.

—Cupid is certainly raising the dickens with MINER correspondents. We have lost three via the matrimonial route withing the past few months.

—Mrs. Edwin Holland has received word from her husband, who has been stationed at Camp Dix, Wrightstown, N. J., that he has arrived safely in France.

—"Outwitting the Hun," starts today. New subscribers can get the full run of the story by taking advantage of the MINER'S offer of 14 weeks for 50 cents.

—Sugar certificates that dealers must use with all sales of over five pounds of sugar are kept in stock at this office and mail orders receive prompt attention.

—John Hungerford is now employed in Olean at his trade of carpenter. He spent Sunday at the home of his brother Edward Hungerford and family, in Bolivar.—Breeze.

—The MINER would like to secure regular correspondents at Clermont and Colegrove. Would like to get writers who will look after the news and not devote too much attention to writing jokes.

—Neil Holder, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Holder, and well known as a mail carrier here, departed Tuesday for Buffalo, N. Y., where he has enlisted in the U. S. Naval Reserve, and is now in training.

—Little Louise Heath who was recently a patient at the Olean Hospital, is now at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Connolly of this place where she is recovering from a complication of ailments.

—The damages to the County Home are being repaired as quickly as possibly to place the buildings in a habitable condition. It will take a long time, however, to restore the Home to the excellent condition that existed before the storm of May 25.

—Miss Sara VanBlad left Wednesday for New York City, where she will take a course at the Mergenthaler Linotype School. Misses Nora and Odra Freeman of Port Allegany, who will also take a course at the school, left at the same time. Mrs. VanBlad accompanied Sara to New York.

—William Backus, youngest child of Mr. and Mrs. Harry L. Backus, sustained a fall yesterday while playing around a tree that had been felled by the storm and was rendered unconscious for several hours. However he quickly rallied from the effects of the injury to his head and last night seemed to have regained normal condition.

—The marriage of Daniel W. Dean, editor of the Bradford Era, and Miss Mary E. Hayes of Randolph, was solemnized in Randolph Monday morning at 7 o'clock at the rectory of the Catholic church, Rev Father Gill officiating. Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Quinlan of Randolph were the attendants. After a short wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Dean will be at home at No. 104 Kennedy street Bradford.

—While nothing definite is known as to the exact time of Bishop Israel's return, the following paragraph from a letter recently received from him and addressed to the standing committee of the diocese at Erie (which is the ecclesiastical authority in his absence), gives some hope in that direction. It says: "Just as soon as the chaplain's work in our hospital unit can be organized I will request leave to return to the diocese which, I am sure, you know is very dear to me."

—Sergeant A. H. Woodford of the British Flying Corps spent several days in town this week a guest of Mr. and Mrs. L. K. Hogarth. Sergeant Woodford, although a young man was one of the first six men to be taken into the organization of the Royal Flying Corps at the outbreak of the war with Germany. He is a very skillful aviator and was sent from his duties in England two years ago to act a instructor for Canadian airmen. Later he was "borrowed" by the United States authorities to act as instructor in the Texas aviation camps. He left Smethport Tuesday for somewhere in Canada.

—From the Hollywood, California Citizen, and a letter from H. E. Lloyd, the MINER learns of the death of his wife, Ida E. White Lloyd, which occurred in Hollywood, May 25. She was a daughter of Miles White, a pioneer resident of Smethport and left this town in 1879 and went to South Dakota, where she was married in 1881. Aside from her husband she is survived by two children, now grown to middle age, who were adopted when infants. Mrs. Lloyd was very prominent in church and Red Cross circles. She has a number of relatives in Smethport and vicinity who will regret to hear of her death. She was 63 years ofage.

PERSONAL MENTION

C. S. King of Port Allegany was in town Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Gleason visited Emporium Sunday.

Sheriff E. W. Jones made a business visit in Kane Saturday.

G. I. Davis of Colegrove was transacting business in town Monday.

Mrs. A. A. Park of Rew City was transacting business in town Monday.

Mrs. Leonard Doyle is a guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. K. Hogarth.

Walter Strand of Buffalo spent the week-end with Ralph and Murrel Provin.

Mrs. Anderson and daughter, Miss Mary Anderson, were Olean visitors Friday.

Miss Hazel E. Brown of Betula was a pleasant caller at the MINER office Saturday.

J. C. Stull and Miss Olson of Portville, N. Y., visited Mrs. D'Leo Tormey Sunday.

Mrs. Ellwood Gaskin and children are visiting Mrs. Gaskin's mother in Baltimore, Md.

Miss Alice Johnson of Timbuc was in town taking teachers' examinations Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Finney of Bradford were guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Wells Sunday.

Hon. and Mrs. J. W. Bouton and daughter, Miss Helen Bouton were Kane visitors Saturday.

Attorney H. S. Rogers of Mt. Jewett made this office a pleasant call while in town Monday.

Miss Mary Mullin of Washington, Pa., is visiting Mrs. E. T. Daly and other friends in this place.

J. J. Robarts of Ceres was in town Monday attending the Treasurer's sales at the court house.

Miss Laura Fahlman accompanied Mrs. D'Leo Tormey to Portville, N. Y. for a short visit Saturday.

Fred Nicholas sales manager of the Smethport Garage Co., of Bradford was in own Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Taylor, Miss Frances Taylor and Miss Elbertha Natello were Kane visitors Saturday.

A. E. Stebbins of Wellsboro, Pa., was a Smethport business visitor last Thursday and was a pleasant caller at this office.

Miss Ruth Jones was in Olean Tuesday, where she is taking medical treatment for an affliction of the ear.

Ms. W. B. Hopper left Sunday for Philadelphia, as a delegate from the Phoenix Chapter O. E. S. of this place.

William Swalley, one of the boys reserve who had been employed in Smethport returned to his home in Rafe, Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Daly Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rice were Sunday visitors of Mr. Adam Martin and family at Shinglehouse, N. Y.

Raphael Kessler, Jr., who graduated from Mercersburg Military Academy is now at home with his parents Mr. and Mrs. R. Kessler.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Johnston visited friends near Buffalo from Friday to Sunday night. The trip was made in Mr. Johnston's car.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Potter, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Hopper, Miss Carrie Natello and Aleen Kline, motored to Kane Sunday in Mr. Potter's car.

Ralph and Murrel Provin left Monday for Buffalo, where they have accepted good positions in the Curtis Aeroplane and Motor Corporation.

Lawrence Drake, who has just completed a full course at the Westbrook Commercial Academy, left Monday for Port Arthur, Texas where he has a position with the Texas Oil Co.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Hewitt and guests, Mr. William Sheahan, Mrs. H. Unferfete and Miss Katheryn Daly of Olean, returned Monday evening from a motoring trip to St. Marys, Johnsonburg and Benezette.

Mr. and Mrs. George Rockefeller and daughter Harriet Elizabeth have just returned from a ten day trip to Delaware Water Gap, Philadelphia and Harrisburg. They made the trip in their Ford car.

NEW ARRIVALS

Every Grand-ma, Grand-pa, Mother, Father or any other folks who have to look after that Youngster that he is clean and well dressed we would

INVITE

to see our stylishly made and reasonably priced

WAISTS AND WASH-SUITS.

Splendid material in plain plain white, cream or fancy striped, which is ABSOLUTELY guaranteed not to fade in washing. Sizes to fit any Boy.

WM. MONHEIMER'S
THE HOME OF
ROYAL TAILORING.

Pictorial Patterns. Arrow Shirts.

The FRY COMPANY
SUCCESSOR TO FRY & COMES

BOZART RUGS

FOR

PORCHES AND SLEEPING ROOMS.

Simplify house cleaning, Bozart Rugs are better than carpets, easier to clean, wear longer and cost less. Made in pretty patterns Fast colors, washable and durable. Sizes 6 x 9, 8 ft, 3 in. x 10ft. 6 in., and 9 x 12.

CREX MATTING

One and two yards wide at 60c and $1.25. Also rug sizes.

SUMMER WASH SKIRTS.

Plaid Silver Bloom or white Gabardine and Pique skirts $3.75 to $6.50.

"Outwitting the Hun" starts soon.
Subscribe To-Day

GROW UP WITH THIS BANK.

A BOY or girl who is just beginning to receive money should be a depositor at the Bank and grow up with the Bank. It makes no difference how small your account may be, the Bank will welcome your deposits and make it easy for you to accumulate a substantial account. With money in the Bank, you will be able to take advantage of opportunities when they come and you will never know what it means to be without financial resources. This Bank affords positive safety for money.

A Dollar is accepted in an Interest Account.

Hamlin Bank and Trust Company

Resources over one and a quarter million dollars.

SMETHPORT, PA.

HELP BUILD AEROPLANES

IN ESSENTIAL INDUSTRY

Wood Workers, Cabinet Makers, Interior Finishers, Bench Hands.

We have a place for young and old men with wood-working experience.

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WE DO REPAIRING.

Anderson & Carlson THE SHOE MEN

MEN REGISTERED JUNE 5

(Continued from Page One.)

Numbers 81 to 90.

Robert H. McIlryde, Kane.
David R. Johnson, R. D. 2, Kane.
Harold F. Wilson, Port Allegany.
Paul Townsend, R. 2, Port Allgany.
Warren O. Cooper, Port Allegany.
Albert E. Fitzsimmons, Port Allegany
Elmer Blake, Norwich.
Floyd A. Ostrander, Pt. Allegany R. 2.
Keith Pratt, East Smethport.
Merle E. Dickinson, Smethport.

Numbers 91 to 100

Francis J. Quirk, Smethport.
Lawrence W. Lathrop, Crosby.
Joe Mognone, Smethport.
Frank T. Barry, R. 3, Smethport.
Harry H. Greer, Port Allegany.
Ralph J. Linnan, Port Allegany.
Arthur S. Crawford, Smethport.
Ralph G. Norman, Smthport.
Robert F. Brownell, Smethport.
Harry L. Williams, R. D. 2, Kane.

Numbers 101 to 110.

Cuthbert F. Sundstrom, Kane.
William H. Nape, Kane.
Robert H. Smith, Kane.
George F. Fitzgerald, Kane
Oscar G. Johnson, Ludlow.
Joseph G. Johnson, Ludlow.
Campbell H. Crawford, Kane.
Algert Lundberg, Mt. Jewett.
Ernest V. Aggistson, Ludlow.
Eric Gust Josephson, Smethport.

Numbers 111 to 120.

Axel Almquist, Mt. Jewett.
Louis Tauti, Kushequa.
Joseph Kvancic, Smethport.
John Barac, Kushequa.
Joe Pojc, Norwich.
Evan R. Benson, Mt. Jewett.
Arthur DeRosa, Mt. Jewett.
Carl B. Johnson, Mt. Jewett, R. D. 1.
Claud L. Scott, Marshburg.
Paul Trembath, Lewis Run.

Numbers 121 to 130.

Floyd Rain, Mt. Jewett.
Bertram [illegible], Mt. Alton.
Neal S. Dixon, Smethport.
Carl A. Anderson, Port Allegany.
Leo M. Jermain, Kane.
Arthur Myron Rice, Smethport.
Frank Wonnson, Kane (colored).
Louis G. Tanner, East Smethport.
George C. Malmstrom, R. 2, Kane.
William A. Covert, Kane.

Numbers 131 to 140.

George H. Bonnaster, Lewis Run.
William S. Finch, Mt. Jewett.
Hugh C. Simpson, Kane.
Harold B. Hurley, Kane.
Arthur S. Swanson, Kane.
Albert Peterson, Mt. Jewett.
Harry C. Williams, Mt. Jewett.
Michael Leo Clapp, Bingham.
Edward F. Fleming, Kane.
Cletus W. Carlson, R. 1., Mt Jewett.

Numbers 141 to 150.

James A. Moran, Kane.
George E. Johnson, Marvindale.
Howard Ross, Mt. Jewett.
Charles W. Dolloff, Kane.
Fred E. Hunberg, R. D. 2, Kane.
Victor E. Gustafson, R. D. 1, Kane.
Carl V. Bloomquist, Mt. Jewett.
Carl A. Goddins, Kane.
John F. Fitzsimmons, Kane.
Carl G. Bergman, R. D. 2 Kane.

Numbers 151 to 160.

John W. Johnson, R. D. 3, Kane.
Carl Paul Waliquist, Kane.
Edwin S. Eliason, Mt. Jewett.
Robert W. Hennell, Kane.
Harry R. Johnson, R. D. 1, Kane.
Carl F. Wismar, Kane.
Robert W. Wallace, R. D. 1, Kinzua.
Elisha Bush, Ludlow.
Robert E. Bush, Kane.
Elmer L. Carlson, Kane.

Numbers 161 to 170.

Harvey W. Withington, Kane.
James E. Bovard, Kane.
Bernard J. McCaulley, Kane.
Gerald Welden, R. D. 1, Kinzua.
George Packer, Burrows.
Abner Calvin Cook, Kane.
Rudolph E. Ahlquist, Kane.
Percy L. Cuthbertson, Kane.
Ralph E. Stiles, Kane.
Earl C. Oliphant, Kane.

Numbers 170 to 173.

Berger L. Benson, R. D. 1, Kane.
Arthur Nels Nelson, Mt. Jewett.
Rufus S. Menters, Kane (colored.)

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LOANED WATCHES RAN AWAY

Timepieces Borrowed From Jeweler Inherited Odd Habit of One Left to Be Repaired.

There are several kinds of watches—there are gold watches, silver watches, dollar watches and watches the jeweler has to lend his patient while theirs are being repaired.

For the last ten days we have been carrying a borrowed watch, relates a writer in the Detroit Free Press. Our timepiece was not exactly out of order, it would run, but it had no control. It ran wild on the bases. It stole the second and third hour frequently We would set it at eight o'clock and look at it 20 minutes later and discover that it was 15 minutes past three We are erratic, but we haven't erratic enough to keep up with that watch So we took it into the dry dock, where the man squints at it through a sawed-off telescope and tells you that it will cost $2 to fix it.

After he had told us it would cost us $2 we asked him to lend us a watch until we called for our own. This he did. He wound up a ticker and set it It was 12 noon when we took it from his hands. Two hours later a friend asked us the time, and we showed him our watch. It was a quarter to seven.

"Gosh," he said, "I didn't think it was that late. I overlooked dinner time in some way."

So we went back and borrowed another watch from the jeweler. "This one is O. K.," he said with a smile. We carried it for an hour. In that time it had jumped 16 hours. We don't know now when we look at it whether it is Berlin time or tomorrow's time We can set it at two o'clock, and when the city hall is ringing three our borrowed watch swears it is 15 minutes after four o'clock tomorrow. At first we looked on the watches suspiciously, but now we have begun to suspect ourselves. When three watches begin to lie to your face something is wrong.

PAY JEWELER HIS OWN MONEY

Parisian Swindlers Inveigle Merchant Into Signing Name to Order for Three Hundred Pounds.

A very clever swindle was successfully carried out in the Rue de la Paix, Paris. A carriage drove up to a large jeweler's shop, and an elderly man, with his arm in a sling, accompanied by a footman, who carried a rug, entered the shop.

The gentleman selected and bought some three hundred pounds' worth of jewelry, and then said, "If you do not mind, I will send my man home for the money." The jeweler bowed, and the gentleman continued: "I should be pleased if you would write for me. I have hurt my arm. Just write, 'Please give Robert three hundred pounds,' and sign it 'Henri.'"

The jeweler wrote as he was directed, and in a quarter of an hour the footman came back with the money, and then he, with his master, left with the jewelry.

When the jeweler went home to dinner his wife asked him the reason he had sent for three hundred pounds. Then the swindle was discovered. The rogues knew that the jeweler's name was Henri, and they had got him to write the note for the money, which was taken to his wife, and then they paid him for the jewels with his own money.

Shirk Duty When Hungry.

Hungry jurymen appealed to the judge in a London court. They had been kept sitting during the luncheon hour, and had failed to agree on a verdict. One of them suggested to Judge Rentoul that possibly a little refreshment might help them. "Hungry men," he added, "are not disposed to listen to arguments." The judge said refreshments should be supplied if there was any possibility of the jury coming to a verdict, but the foreman replied that there appeared to be no chance of their agreeing. "In my native country," said Judge Rentoul, "a juryman once took in a quantity of beef and a small bottle of beer and said to his fellow jurors, 'I am for an acquittal,' without waiting for their verdict. And the others had to give in from the sheer necessities of the case."

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

List of letters remaining in the post Office at Smethport, Pa., for the week ending June 1, 1918.

Anderson, Elias
Bell, Sam
Bennett, Chas.
Bennett, J. H.
Bennett, Peter
Bess, G. A.
Britton, J.
Burrows, L. W.
Campbell, Bruce
Carter, Roy A.
Chamberlain, J. C.
Chapman, Fred
Cornelius, C. H.
Daly, James
Day, Ernest E.
Davis, Lyman
Davis, Roy
Elliott, Frank
Gemmell, John
Gemmell, Oliver
Green, Ashabel
Hooftallen, Ed.
Houghtaling, Ed.
Houser, W.
Johnson, A. E.
Johnson, Olaf
Keasler, Robert
Lamb, A. L.
Lewis, Wm.
Oliver, George
Rogers, Lewis
Rayan, Lew
Sharbert, Geo.
Smith, E. W.
Smith, Isaac
Starks, Harris
Stickles, Jack
Vallean, Wm.
Young, C. M.

Persons calling for these letters please say "Advertised". All unclaimed Letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

THOS. CLARK, Act. Postmaster.

LIFE IS GIVE AND TAKE PROPOSITION

No Man, Under Modern Conditions, Can Live Entirely Unto Himself.

EACH DEPENDENT ON OTHERS

Citizen Who Does Not Aid in Building Up Community Can Not Expect to Have Prosperity Himself.

(Copyright.)

There was a time in the world when a man could do pretty much as he pleased. What one man did was of little concern to anyone else, for it had little effect on anyone else. Those days are gone, however, and they never will return. Today, no man can live entirely unto himself. Life is a complicated affair under modern conditions. No one man in any community is entirely independent of all others in that community.

Organized society, in the form of governments, national, state and local, have recognized the new conditions and have decreed that every man must observe certain rules in his relations with his fellow men. He must not do certain things that would endanger the health of other people in his community. He must not do such things as would disturb the peace and quiet of his neighborhood. He must remember that he owes a duty to his community.

Not Question of Right.

A man may say that it has the right to spend his money where he pleases; that no one can stop him if he wants to buy his groceries, his clothes and his furniture in some city miles away from where he earns the money to pay for them. He is right. There is no law to prevent him from doing so, unless it is the law of self-preservation. The man who has the right to send his money away to some distant city instead of spending it at home, also has the right to send his children to that city to be educated in the schools, which his money helps to support, but he doesn't exercise that right. He sends his children to the local schools, the maintenance of which is made possible by the men who spend their money at home.

Life in any community today is a give-and-take proposition. A man can not take everything and give nothing and get away with it for any great length of time. He can not take his living from a community and give nothing back to help the other fellow make a living. If he cuts off the other fellow's living, he is bound eventually to cut off his own, for unless the other fellow has money to buy his labor or his goods he cannot make a living himself.

You may say that what you buy doesn't amount to much and the money that you send away to the mail order houses in other cities can not have any great effect upon the general business conditions in your town. Maybe it doesn't amount to much and maybe it won't have any great effect upon the community's prosperity in itself, but what will be the result if every person in the community, or half of them, or a tenth of them, take the same view of the matter. Your business, in itself, may not amount to much, but taken together with the business of a hundred others in the community, it amounts to a great deal. It amounts to the difference between a prosperous community and a "dead" one. It amounts to the difference, in the end, between good times and bad times for yourself and your own family. If you lived on a desert isle, it would make no difference where you sent your money, because it would make no difference whether you had any money at all or not. But you are not living upon a desert isle. You are living in a modern community. To do everything possible to build up that community is not only a duty which you owe to the community, but—more important still—it is a duty which you owe to yourself.

Taxes Will Increase.

You have children to educate. You want your community to have good schools so that your children may have the same advantages that the children in the big city have. If you live on a farm you need good roads over which to haul your products to market. You may say that you pay your share of the taxes out of which the schools houses are built and the roads constructed. Maybe you do pay your share, in proportion to the value of your property, but where is the other fellow to get the money to pay his share of the taxes if, after you pay your taxes, you send the remainder of your money to some other community to help build their schools and construct their roads. The merchants of any community pay a very considerable part of the taxes collected in that community. Go to the tax books and you will find this to be the case. When the business of the merchant falls off and he carries smaller stocks and has less money in the bank, he pays smaller taxes, and as the amount he pays in taxes decreases, the amount you pay must increase if the schools are to be maintained and the roads kept up. It may be a man's own business if he wants to send his money to help build up the big cities where the mail order houses flourish, but it's poor business for himself as well as for everybody else in the community in which he lives.

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Is Headquarters in Smethport for Ladies and Children wear, Up-to-date millinery, fancy work and if it is nice dainty line of goods we have it on hand The Bisett Shop.

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Before buying your next hat look over our up-to-date line of White Milans Panamas and Leghorns.

MRS. CLAIR WHITE.

A Word to Farmers in This Section.

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Never Send Out of Town

for groceries until you get our prices. We can compete with anyone, anywhere. Make us prove it. Boost for Home Trade—it will pay. The Colegrove Grocery.

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Ladies. Misses. Children.

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You will find our large assortment of Hardware, tools and farm implements of all kinds can be bought at Prices that will beat any catalogue House, we are boosters for Home Trade buy at home it will pay us all. Chas. W. Masser.

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Smethport, Pa.

SPRING MILLINERY.

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Mrs. H. L. Backus
Smethport, Pa.

"OUTWITTING THE HUN"

By

LIEUTENANT PAT O'BRIEN

Copyright, 1918, by Pat Alva O'Brien

(Continued from Page Two.)

causing the machine to break apart. Although spins are made with the motor on, you are dropping like a ball being dropped out of the sky and the velocity increases with the power of the motor.

This spinning nose dive has been frequently used in "stunt" flying in recent years, but is now put to practical use by pilots in getting away from hostile machines, for when a man is spinning it is almost impossible to hit him, and the man making the attack invariably thinks his enemy is going down to certain death in the spin.

This is all right when a man is over his own territory, because he can right his machine and come out of it; but if it happens over German territory, the Huns would only follow him down; and when he came out of the spin they would be above him, having all the advantage, and would shoot him down with ease. It is a good way of getting down into a cloud, and is used very often by both sides, but it requires skill and courage by the pilot making it if he ever expects to come out alive. A spin being made by a pilot intentionally looks exactly like a spin that is made by a machine actually being shot down, so one never knows whether it is forced or intentional until the pilot either rights his machine and comes out of it, or crashes to the ground.

Another dive similar to this one is known as just the plain dive. As same, for instance, that a pilot flying at a height of several thousand feet is shot, loses control of his machine, and the nose of the plane starts down with the motor full on. He is going at a tremendous speed and in many instances is going so straight and swiftly that the speed is too great for the machine, because it was never constructed to withstand the enormous pressure forced against the wings, and they consequently crumple up.

If, too, in an attempt to straighten the machine, the elevators should become affected, as often happens in trying to bring a machine out of a dive, the strain is again too great on the wings, and there is the same disastrous result. Oftentimes, when the patrol tank is punctured by a tracer bullet from another machine in the air, the plane that is hit catches on fire and either gets into a spin or a straight dive and heads for the earth, hundreds of miles an hour, a mass of flame, looking like a brilliant comet in the sky.

The spinning nose dive is used to greater advantage by the Germans than by our own pilots for the reason that when a fight gets too hot for the German, he will put his machine in a spin, and as the chances are nine out of ten that we are fighting over German territory, he simply spins down out of our range, straightens out before he reaches the ground, and gets on home to his airdrome. It is useless to follow him down inside the German lines, for you would in all probability be shot down before you can attain sufficient altitude to cross the line again.

It often happens that a pilot will be chasing another machine when suddenly he sees it start to spin. Perhaps they are fifteen or eighteen thousand feet in the air, and the hostile machine spins down for thousands of feet. He thinks he has hit the other machine and goes home happy that he has brought down another Hun. He reports the occurrence to the squadron, telling how he shot down his enemy; but when the rest of the squadron come in with their report, or some artillery observation balloon sends in a report, it develops that when a few hundred feet from the ground the supposed dead man in the spin has come out of the spin and gone merrily on his way for his airdrome.

CHAPTER III.

Captured by the Huns.

I shall not easily forget the 17th of August, 1917. I killed two Huns in the double-seated machine in the morning, another in the evening, and then I was captured myself. I may have spent more eventful days in my life, but I can't recall any just now.

That morning, in crossing the line on early morning patrol, I noticed two German balloons. I decided that as soon as my patrol was over I would go off on my own hook and see what a German balloon looked like at close quarters.

These observation balloons are used by both sides in conjunction with the artillery. A man sits up in the balloon with a witeless apparatus and directs the firing of the guns. From his point of vantage he can follow the work of his own artillery with a remarkable degree of accuracy and at the same time he can observe the enemy's movements and report them.

O'Brien Standing Beside the First Machine in Which He Saw Active Service.

The Germans are very good at this work, and they use a great number of these balloons. It was considered a very important part of our work to keep them out of the sky.

There are two ways of going after a balloon in a machine. One of them is to cross the lines at a low altitude, flying so near the ground that the man with the antiaircraft gun can't bother you. You fly along until you get to the level of the balloon and if, in the meantime, they have not drawn the balloon down, you open fire on it and the bullets you use will set it on fire if they land.

The other way is to go over where you know the balloons to be, put your machine in a spin so that they can't hit you, get above them, spin over the balloon and then open fire. In going back over the line you cross at a few hundred feet.

This is one of the hardest jobs in the service. There is less danger in attacking an enemy's aircraft.

Nevertheless, I had made up my mind to either get those balloons or make them descend, and I only hoped that they would stay on the job until I had a chance at them.

When our two hours' duty was up, therefore, I dropped out of the formation as we crossed the lines and turned back again.

I was at a height of 15,000 feet, considerably higher than the balloons. Shutting my motor off, I dropped down through the clouds, thinking to find the balloons at about five or six miles behind the German lines.

Just as I came out of the cloud banks I saw below me, about a thousand feet, a two-seater hostile machine doing artillery observation and directing the German guns. This was at a point about four miles behind the German lines.

Evidently the German artillery saw me and put out ground signals to attract the Hun machine's attention, for I saw the observer quit his work and grab his gun, while their pilot stuck the nose of his machine straight down.

But they were too late to escape me. I was diving toward them at a speed of probably two hundred miles an hour, shooting all the time as fast as possible. Their only chance lay in the possibility that the force of my drive might break my wings. I knew my danger in that direction, but as soon as I came out of my dive the Huns would have their chance to get me, and I knew I had to get them first and take a chance on my wings holding out.

Fortunately some of my first bullets found their mark, and I was able to come out of my dive at about four thousand feet. They never came out of theirs!

But right then came the hottest situation in the air I had ever experienced up to that time. The depth of my dive had brought me within reach of the machine guns from the ground and they also put a barrage around me of shrapnel from antiaircraft guns and I had an opportunity to "ride the barrage," as they call it in the R. F. C. To make the situation more interesting, they began shooting "flaming onions" at me. "Flaming onions" are rockets shot from a rocket gun. They are used to hit a machine when it is flying low, and they are effective up to about five thousand feet. Sometimes they are shot up one after another in strings of about eight, and they are one of the hardest things to go through. If they hit the machine, it is bound to catch fire and then the jig is up.

All the time, too, I was being attacked by "Archie"—the antiaircraft gun. I escaped the machine guns and the "flaming onions," but "Archie," the antiaircraft fire, got me four or five times. Every time a bullet plugged me, or rather my machine, it made a loud bang, on account of the tension on the material covering the wings.

None of their shots hurt me until I was about a mile from our lines, and then they hit my motor. Fortunately, I still had altitude enough to drift on to our own side of the lines, for my motor was completely out of commission. They just raised the dickens with me all the time I was descending, and I began to think I would strike the ground before crossing the line, but there was a slight wind in my favor, and it carried me two miles behind our lines. There the balloons I had gone out to get had the satisfaction of "pin-pointing" me. Through the directions which they were able to give to their artillery they commenced shelling my machine where it lay.

This particular work is to direct the fire of their artillery, and they are used just as the artillery observation airplanes are. Usually two men are stationed in each balloon. They ascend to a height of several thousand feet about five miles behind their own lines and are equipped with wireless and signaling apparatus. They watch the burst of their own artillery, check up the position, get the range, and direct the next shot.

When conditions are favorable they are able to direct the shots so accurately that it is quick work destroying the object of their attack. It was such a balloon as this that got my position, marked me out, called for an artillery shot, and they commenced shelling my machine where it lay. If I had got the two balloons instead of the airplane, I probably would not have lost my machine, for he would in all probability have gone on home and not bothered about getting my range and causing the destruction of my machine.

I landed in a part of the country that was literally covered with shell holes. Fortunately my machine was not badly damaged by the forced landing. I leisurely got out, walked around it to see what the damage was, and concluded that it could be easily repaired. In fact, I thought if I could find a space long enough between shell holes to get a start before leaving the ground that I would be able to fly on from there.

I was still examining my plane and considering the matter of a few slight repairs, without any particular thought for my own safety in that unprotected spot, when a shell came whizzing through the air, knocked me to the ground and landed a few feet away. It had no sooner struck than I made a run for cover and crawled into a shell hole. I would have liked to get farther away, but I didn't know where the next shell would burst, and I thought I was fairly safe there, so I squatted down and let them blaze away.

The only damage I suffered was from the mud which splattered up in my face and over my clothes. That was my introduction to a shell hole, and I resolved right there that the infantry could have all the shell-hole fighting they wanted, but it did not appeal to me, though they live in them through many a long night and I had only sought shelter there for a few minutes.

After the Germans had completely demolished my machine and ceased firing, I waited there a short time, fearing perhaps they might send over a lucky shot, hoping to get me after all. But evidently they concluded enough shells had been wasted on one man. I crawled out cautiously, shook the mud off, and I looked over in the direction where my machine had once been. There wasn't enough left for a decent souvenir, but nevertheless I got a few, "such as they were," and readily observing that nothing could be done with what was left, I made my way back to infantry headquarters, where I was able to telephone in a report.

A little later one of our automobiles came out after me and took me back to our airdrome. Most of my squadron thought I was lost beyond doubt, and never expected to see me again; but my friend, Paul Raney, had held out that I was all right, and as I was afterwards told, said, "Don't send for another pilot; that Irishman will be back, if he has to walk." And he knew that the only thing that kept me from walking was the fact that our own automobile had been sent out to bring me home.

I had lots to think about that day and I had learned many things; one was not to have too much confidence in my own ability. One of the men in the squadron told me that I had better not take those chances; that it was going to be a long war and I would have plenty of opportunities to be killed without deliberately "wishing them on" myself. Later I was to learn the truth of his statement.

That night my "flight"—each squadron is divided into three flights, consisting of six men each—got ready to go out again. As I started to put on my tunic I noticed that I was not marked up for duty as usual.

I asked the commanding officer, a major, what the reason for that was and he replied that he thought I had done enough for one day. However I knew that if I did not go, someone else from another "flight" would have to take my place, and I insisted upon going up with my patrol as usual, and the major reluctantly consented. Had he known what was in store for me, I am sure he wouldn't have changed his mind so readily.

As it was we had only five machines for this patrol, anyway, because as we crossed the lines one of them had to drop out on account of motor trouble. Our patrol was up at 8 p. m., and up to within ten minutes of that hour it had been entirely uneventful.

At 7:50 p. m., however, while we were flying at a height of 13,000 feet, we observed three other English machines which were about 3,000 feet below us pick a fight with nine Hun machines.

I knew right then that we were in for it, because I could see over toward the ocean a whole flock of Hun machines which evidently had escaped the attention of our scrappy countrymen below us.

So we dove down on those nine Huns.

At first the fight was fairly even. There were eight of us to nine of them. But soon the other machines which I had seen in the distance, and which were flying even higher than we were, arrived on the scene, and when they, in turn, dove down on us, there was just twenty of them to our eight!

Four of them singled me out. I was diving, and they dived right down after me, shooting as they came. Their tracer bullets were coming closer to me every moment. These tracer bullets are bulls of fire which enable the shooter to follow the course his bullets are taking and to correct his aim accordingly. They do no more harm to a pilot if he is hit than an ordinary bullet, but if they hit the petrol tank, good night! When a machine catches fire in flight there is no way of putting it out. It takes less than a minute for the fabric to burn off the wings and then the machine drops like an arrow, leaving a trail of smoke like a comet.

As their tracer bullets came closer and closer to me I realized that my chances of escape were nil. Their very next shot, I felt, must hit me.

Once, some days before, when I was flying over the line, I had watched a fight above me. A German machine was set on fire, and dived down through our formation in flames on its way to the ground. The Hun was diving at such a sharp angle that both his wings came off, and as he passed within a few hundred feet of me I saw the look of horror on his face.

Now, when I expected any moment to suffer a similar fate, I could not help thinking of that poor Hun's last look of agony.

I realized that my only chance lay in making an Immelman turn. This maneuver was invented by a German—one of the greatest who ever flew and who was killed in action some time before. This turn, which I made successfully, brought one of their machines right in front of me, and as he sailed along barely ten yards away, I "had the drop" on him, and he knew it.

His white face and startled eyes I can still see. He knew beyond question that his last moment had come, because his position prevented his taking aim at me, while my gun pointed straight at him. My first tracer bullet passed within a yard of his head, the

Machine O'Brien Was Driving When He Was Overcome and Captured by the Huns.

second looked as if it hit his shoulder, the third struck him in the neck, and then I let him have the whole works, and he went down in a spinning nose dive.

All this time the three other Hun machines were shooting away at me. I could hear the bullets striking my machine one after another. I hadn't the slightest idea that I could ever beat off those three Huns, but there was nothing for me to do but fight, and my hands were full.

In fighting, your machine is dropping, dropping all the time. I glanced at my instruments, and my altitude

was between 8,000 and 9,000 feet while I was still looking at the instruments, the whole blamed works disappeared. A burst of bullets went into the instrument board and blew it to smithereens, another bullet went through my upper lip, came out of the roof of my mouth and lodged in my throat, and the next thing I knew was when I came to in a German hospital the following morning at five o'clock German time.

I was a prisoner of war.

CHAPTER IV.

Clipped Wings.

The hospital in which I found myself on the morning after my capture was a private house made of brick, very low and dirty, and not at all adapted for use as a hospital. It had evidently been used but a few days on account of the big push that was taking place at that time of the year, and in all probability would be abandoned as soon as they had found a better place.

In all, the house contained four rooms and a stable, which was by far

Pat O'Brien and Paul Raney.

the largest of all. Although I never looked into this "wing" of the hospital, I was told that it, too, was filled with patients lying on beds of straw around on the ground. I do not know whether they, too, were officers or privates.

The room in which I found myself contained eight beds, three of which were occupied by wounded German officers. The other rooms, I imagined, had about the same number of beds as mine. There were no Red Cross nurses in attendance, just orderlies, for this was only an emergency hospital and too near the firing line for nurses. The orderlies were not old men nor very young boys, as I had expected to find, but young men in the prime of life, who evidently had been medical students. One or two of them, I discovered, were able to talk English, but for some reason they would not talk. Perhaps they were forbidden by the officer in charge to do so.

In addition to the bullet wound in my mouth I had a swelling from my forehead to the back of my head almost as big as my shoe—and that is saying considerable. I couldn't move an inch without suffering intense pain, and when the doctor told me that I had no bones broken I wondered how a fellow would feel who had.

German officers visited me that morning and told me that my machine went down in a spinning nose dive from a height of between 8,000 and 9,000 feet, and they had the surprise of their lives when they discovered that I had not been dashed to pieces. They had to cut me out of my machine, which was riddled with shots and shattered to bits.

A German doctor removed the bullet from my throat, and the first thing he said to me when I came to was, "You are an American!"

There was no denying it, because the metal identification disk on my wrist bore the inscription:

"P. O'B.
U. S. A.
R. F. C."

Although I was suffering intense agony, the doctor, who spoke perfect English, insisted upon conversing with me.

"You may be all right as a sportsman," he declared, "but you are a d——d murderer just the same for being here. You Americans who got into this thing before America came into the war are no better than common murderers and you ought to be treated the same way!"

The wound in my mouth made it impossible for me to answer him, and I was suffering too much pain to be hurt very much by anything he could say.

He asked me if I would like an apple! I could just as easily have eaten a brick.

When he got no answers out of me, he walked away disgustedly.

"You don't have to worry any more," he declared, as a parting shot. "For you the war is over."

I was given a little broth later in the day, and as I began to collect my thoughts I wondered what had happened to my comrades in the battle which had resulted so disastrously to me. As I began to realize my plight I worried less about my physical condition than the fact that, as the doctor had pointed out, for me the war was practically over. I had been in it but a short time, and now I would be a prisoner for the duration of the war!

The next day some German flying officers visited me, and I must say they treated me with great consideration. They told me of the man I had brought down. They said he was a Bavarian and a fairly good pilot. They gave me his hat as a souvenir and complimented me on the fight I had put up.

My helmet, which was of soft leather, was split from front to back by a bullet from a machine gun, and they examined it with great interest. When they brought me my uniform I found that the star of my rank which had been on my right shoulder strap had been shot off clean. The one on my left shoulder strap they asked me for as a souvenir, as also my R. F. C. badges, which I gave them. They allowed me to keep my "wings," which I wore on my left breast, because they were aware that that is the proudest possession of a British flying officer.

I think I am right in saying that the only chivalry in this war on the German side of the trenches has been displayed by the officers of the German flying corps, which comprises the pick of Germany. They pointed out to me that I and my comrades were fighting purely for the love of it, whereas they were fighting in defense of their country, but still, they said, they admired us for our sportsmanship. I had a notion to ask them if dropping bombs on London and killing so many innocent people was in defense of their country, but I was in no position or condition to pick a quarrel at that time.

That same day a German officer was brought into the hospital and put in the bunk next to mine. Of course I casually looked at him, but did not pay particular attention to him at that time. He lay there for three or four hours before I did take a real good look at him. I was positive that he could not speak English, and naturally I did not say anything to him. Once when I looked over in his direction his eyes were on me, and to my surprise he said, very sarcastically, "What the h—l are you looking at" and then smiled. At this time I was just beginning to say a few words, as my wound had prevented me from talking, but I said enough to let him know what I was doing there and how I happened to be there. He evidently had heard my story from some of the others, though, because he said it was too bad I had not broken my neck; that he did not have much sympathy with the flying corps anyway. He asked me what part of America I came from, and I told him "California." After a few more questions he learned that I hailed from San Francisco, and then added to my distress by saying, "How would you like to have a good, juicy steak right out of the Hofbrau?" Naturally I told him it would "hit the spot," but I hardly thought my mouth was in shape just then to eat it. I immediately asked, of course, what he knew about the Hofbrau, and he replied, "I was connected with the place a good many years, and I ought to know all about it."

After that this German officer and I became rather chummy; that is, as far as I could be chummy with an enemy, and we whiled away a good many long hours talking about the days we had spent in San Francisco, and frequently in the conversation one of us would mention some prominent Californian, or some little incident occurring there, with which we were both familiar.

He told me when war was declared he was, of course, intensely patriotic and thought the only thing for him to do was to go back and aid in the defense of his country. He found that he could not go directly from San Francisco, because the water was too well guarded by the English, so he boarded a boat for South America. There he obtained a forged passport and in the gulfs of a Montevidean took passage for New York and from there to England.

He passed through England without any difficulty on his forged passport, but concluded not to risk going to Holland for fear of exciting too much suspicion, so went down through the Strait of Gibraltar to Italy, which was neutral at that time, up to Austria, and thence to Germany. He said when they put in at Gibraltar, after leaving England, there were two suspects taken off the ship, men that he was sure were neutral subjects, but much to his relief his own passport and credentials were examined and passed O. K.

The r[illegible]

(Continued next week.)

Geese Fooled by Light.

Geese are fattened for market in Austria by confining them in a dark room to which light is admitted 10 or 15 times a day. Whenever the light is on the geese think it is meal time.

Pessimistic View.

"Do you believe it is unlucky to marry on a [illegible] Friday or be an exception?"—Puck.

MT. JEWETT

Miss Grace Long, June Bride—G. H. Boyd is Dead.

On Wednesday morning a pretty home wedding occurred at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Long, Main street, when their daughter, Miss Grace Long was united in marriage to Dr. Ray Leon Prior of Buffalo. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Francis M. Hall of Kane. Mr. and Mrs. Prior left soon after the ceremony going by auto to Smethport from which place they took the train for a wedding trip. They will be at home at No. 18 Ashland Avenue, Buffalo, after June 15th. The bride is one of Mt. Jewett's most popular and accomplished young woman. She has been a teacher in our public schools for a couple of years. She enjoyed the esteem and good will of a wide circle of friends. The groom is a prominent dentist in the city of Buffalo.

Messages were received here Monday announcing the death of Mr. G. H. Boyd on Monday morning at Charleston, S. C. G. H. Boyd was for years a prominent business man in this section. He was for years engaged in the lumber business. Later he engaged in the oil and gas business and was the principal owner of the Boyd Glass Co., which is now owned by the Consolidated Window Glass Co. For a number of years Mr. Boyd has been an invalid requiring constant care and attention. Mr. Boyd and party spent the winter at St. Petersburg, Fla. He was evidently taken sick while on his way north as his death occurred at Charleston. The funeral was held at Waterford, Pa., on Wednesday.—Herald.

CORYVILLE

Alvin Rees to Have Charge of the Sawmill—Personal Mention.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Trank and baby of Eldred were recent guests of J. A. Sparks and wife.

Mrs. Ella Holmes is in Bradford this week a guest of her son, L. I. Holmes and family.

Mrs. Headley Essensa formerly of Olean is staying with her parents, Mr. and Mr. Frank Miller for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Fairchild and grandson Gordon Frank, were in Smethport and Sartwell Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Sparks were in Olean, N. Y., over Sunday, guests of their daughter. Mrs. James L. Hansen and Vivian Rice of Smthport, accompanied them.

Mrs. Ellie Harrison has returned from Aiken.

Mr. and Mrs. George Parker of Simpson were over Sunday guests of Samuel Task and wife.

Alvin Rees of, Olean will have charge of the saw mill, and sawing out the logs for P. F. Cory.

E. G. Fairchild and wife were in Eldred Sunday afternoon guests of the latters brother, Arthur Prentiss and wife.

Mrs. Orrie Moody, Mrs. Alta Rees, Mrs. Ellie Harrison and Asa Champlin were business visitors in Portville and Olean last Monday.

Frank Schick was a business visitor in Eldred Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Hart and Miss Edith Moore of Detroit, Mich. are home for a two weeks visit with their parents Mr. and Mrs Dell Moore and other relatives.

BUSH HILL.

Social Notes of People who Come and Go.

The Misses Marie Hooley and Mabel Goodyear were calling on Nellie Smith Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Freer and children, and Cena and Freeda Freer were calling on Mrs. Henry Jordon and family Sunday.

Mrs. Anna McKiernan is visting her son, Michael and family of Crosby.

Marian VanSickles spent the week-end with her mother Mrs. Henry Jordon.

Mrs. Fritz Krupp and little son Frederick of Rochester, N. Y., is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Smith.

Cecil Strang of Wrights, Pa., called on Thos. Smith, Sunday evening.

Nellie Smith spent the week-end with her sister Mrs. John Lyman of Port Allegany.

Joseph Oliver and lady friend were seen on our roads Sunday.

Thos Smith was a Smethport business shopper Saturday.

Kelly Oliver called on Thos. Smith, Jr., Sunday evening.

FARMERS VALLEY

Five Graduates This Year—Missionary Has Returned.

We boast of five graduates in this year's High school class. Five will enter the freshmen class next year.

Mrs. B. W. Richmond and son, Joe, are visiting at Mansfield, Troy, Elmira and Addison.

The social for the benefit of the Grange was well attended, and a good time "Sure."

Miss Winifred Roeder has returned to her home here after a five years absence, which time was spent doing missionary work in China.

Mrs. J. C. Stull was at the Valley visiting last week.

Mrs. Sathie Cook is on the sick list.

Quite a number of our young folks will attend the C. E. rally at Sweden Valley this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Rockefeller and daughter, Harriet have returned from a visit to Philadelphia. They went by auto.

Howard Parker has been helping in Richmond's store.

Charlotte Clyne has gone to stay with her aunt, Mrs. Wymer at Roulette.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Caldwell of Bradford, May 30, a daughter.

H. H. Caldwell was greeting friends in the Valley Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Cory and children, Ernest and Onalee, are guests of Mrs. Caldwell.

ELDRED

Insurance Adjusted—Broke Her Arm—Two Weddings.

The insurance on the loss at St. Raphael's was adjusted this week and losses paid, on the church, the full amount of $5,000 was paid. This was given out in the first report as being $6,000 but it was later found that $1,000 of the supposed amount was on the church at Duke Center. On the rectory, $1,000 was adjudged the loss, and on the contents, another $1,000, $600 of which was for property held in the bishop of the diocese's name, and about $400 on the personal property of Rev. O'Hern.

Last Monday while several young people were riding in a Ford, the steering was entrusted to Miss Lillian Houben. By some twist of the gearing, the inoffensive joke-maker took a sidestep and landed head-on in the ditch. Miss Margaret Groll, who was on the running board of the unruly machine didn't stop as quickly as the rest of the crew and in consequence struck the ground so forceably that her arm was broken near the shoulder.

Wednesday evening at 10 o'clock Rev. Father Fisher of Sartwell, united in marriage Leonard Splain and Mrs. Mary Cooney. The bride was attired in black satin with black picture hat and carried a pearl rosary. They were attended by Mr. and Mrs. John Bowman.

At Salamanca, at the home of Rev. and Mrs. J. H. Guthrie, former Eldred residents, the former united in marriage, Clifford G. Shields and Miss Nellie Wright, two popular young Eldred people. The happy event occurred at 9 o'clock Tuesday evening.—Eagle.

PORT ALLEGANY

Fireman's Convention—Pretty Wedding—Industries Threatened.

A hearing was held here Saturday afternoon at the Potter Gas Office at which a fuel administrator, representative of the factories, and Mr. Reeker of the Potter Gas Company were present. The object of the meeting was to cut off the supply of gas for fuel from the local factories, and to limit its sale except for domestic use. The local factories made strong representations of their need of the gas, and stated that unless they could get gas it would be necessary for them to move away from here. As the life of the town depends upon these industries, the situation is very serious.

The tenth annual convention of the McKean-Elk Counties Volunteer Firemen's Association will be held in Port Allegany on Thursday and Friday, August 15th and 16th. The following executive committee has affairs in charge: President; J. M. Keeny; vice-president, R. R. Moses; secretary, J. W. Seltz; Treasurer, J. W. Carlson. Advertising committee, Fred Niles and George Moses.

At a meeting of the stockholders of the Furniture Factory on Friday afternoon at C. W. Catlin's office it was decided to liquidate the affairs of the company. After the outstanding bills of the company are paid up, there will be a small surplus which will be divided among the stock holders.

A very pretty wedding took place Saturday morning just before noon at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Linn on Main street, when their daughter Nellie was united in marriage with Basil Brittain of Buffalo, N. Y.

Elmer Larson, George Anderson, Josephine Johnson and Della Romano motored to Smethport Monday evening.

Leon and Oscar Samson and Esther Larson motored to Smethport Saturday night, Esther returning to her home there.

R. W. Hilton of Smethport was a business visitor in town on Saturday.

Elmer Larson and George Anderson were at Smethport Saturday.—Argus.

CROSBY

All The News of the week Told in an Interesting Manner.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Leak and Mr. and Mrs. Guy Leak of Kane, were visiting at the home of their sister, Mrs. John Braut, over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. James Bloomster and children were visiting Mr. and Mrs. Harry Whitemore.

Children's day will be observed in the M. E. church Sunday evening, all are cordially invited to attened.

The Community meeting will be held Friday night patriotic songs will be sung and the war will be discussed.

Mr. Lawrence Lathrope left Wednesday for Niagara Falls.

Mrs. Clara Wilcox was shopping in Colegrove Tuesday.

Mrs Slives is visiting her niece Mrs. Anna Smith.

Mrs. Kate Clark is visiting at Mrs. Jane Timmerman's.

Miss Cecilia Snyder Miss Vivian Corey, and the Messrs. Harold Fortner, Keith Kinney and Carold Upthegrove were calling on Miss Velma Wilcox Saturday. The latter returned to Port Allegany with them.

A large number of Crosby people attended Commencement at Smethport last Wednesday evening.

Miss Mildred Wilcox was at Smethport Friday and Saturday to take teacher's examinations.

Mr. and Mrs. James Bloomster and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bloomster were shopping in Smethport Monday.

Mrs. Anna Grinolds and children visited the former's mother, Mrs. Nettie Marsh, Tuesday.

Mrs. Arthur Timmerman is no better at this writing.

Mrs. Edmunds and children spent Sunday at Mrs. Clara Wilcox's.

Mr. Raymond Grinolds is in Port Allegany working.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Simpler and children of Port Allegany visited at the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Grinolds Sunday.

Mrs. John Brant and daughtr Fay and Mrs. Herman Krueger and daughter, Helen spent Tuesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. I. G. Wilcox.

Performer Dealing in Emotions Captivates Women More Swiftly Than the Poets or Painters.

The poet deals in words, while the painter deals in color and form, but the musician deals in emotions and therefore his appeal to women is always more swift, as it is always more subtle, than the appeal of any other artist.

Such, summed up by a writer in the Philadelphia North American, is the latest theory to explain the lure of music for women and the attraction of the dark-eyed, long-haired musician himself.

The average woman, say the theorists, is hemmed in with conventions that make her feel a prudish discomfort if a book or a poem talks too openly of what she thinks of; but never puts into words. With a picture it is the same way, but in the music, she hears with emotional delight all the romanticism, all the beauty, and all the vague dreams which she hides so closely from the world. In consequence she reads into the music her own feelings, and then she confuses the musician with his music. He, too, is keyed up to a high tension; he feels telepathically the emotion he has communicated, and so a spark is kindled between them. As for the result—well, sometimes it is love, sometimes a momentary infatuation—that all depends upon how much music they hear together and how much pent-up nervous emotionalism lies buried in the woman's soul.

Small Prescriptions.

Many physicians have a habit of writing prescriptions without calculating the quantity of medicine their patients are to take. This leads to a great waste of drugs and much unnecessary expense. Which leads the New York Medical Journal to urge physicians to be more careful.

Another evil result of this far too common practice, is that partly used prescriptions are stored away in the medicine chest, and next time the patient has, or thinks he has, the same symptoms, he takes what he supposes to be the same medicine.

But the chief reason why physicians should not prescribe four or six ounces when they know only one or two will be used, is that it is wasting the drugs and making the patient pay far more for his medicine than is at all necessary.

First Introduced Canes.

The Mexicans first used canes in America. When the Spanish conquered the country, a queer custom was introduced. The chief executive of the towns carried a stick with a gold or silver head. It was a kind of scepter.

The people, of course, rarely knew how to read or write, and when anyone was wanted for a crime, one of the mayor's subordinates would take the cane, find the culprit and place it horizontally upon the latter's chest. The proceeding was equivalent to a summons, and the man had to appear before the mayor under the penalty of being cast into prison. This action was borrowed from Spain, where it still prevails in the more important actions.

THIS is without a question one of the most astounding stories of air and land adventure written since the war began. A flier under the British flag, O'Brien, after a hard fight with several Boche machines was finally wounded 8,000 feet in the air, brought down and captured.

While being taken to the prison camp with a German guard beside him with gun loaded ready to shoot, he made his escape by jumping through a window.

After 72 days of crawling and slipping by night and hiding by day—bleeding, wounded—passing sentries boldly—fighting peasants—he crossed the boundary into Holland.

No wonder he was received with joy by the English public—no wonder audiences all over the United States listened breathlessly to his story. YOU can read it now for we have secured it for our next serial.

This long-limbed, hawkfaced daredevil Irishman—they could not keep him out of war—they could not kill him—they could not hold him! Read his story, it is a splendid proof of that indomitable spirit that makes America unconquerable, invincible.

Our New Serial—Be Sure to Read It

The Train Was Going 35 Miles An Hour—

The little German compartment train—taking him at flying speed into the heart of the German prison camp. Next to him sat a German guard with gun loaded, ready to shoot.

The compartment was so small—the train going so fast—the whole thing seemed so impossible. Yet to this daring young American nothing seemed impossible—and as the train flew, he swung himself up, and—before anybody knew what was going to happen—out of the window!

He was terribly wounded—he had to cover his wounds with his coat so that his blood would not lead the enemy on his trail.

And that was just the beginning of 72 days of fearful adventure—of hiding by day and slipping by night—of boldly walking past sentries—of starvation—of swimming of rivers—of terror and despair—and of iron nerve.

Read this true story—such a story as has never before come out of the war—the story of Lieutenant Pat O'Brien—that daring, dark and agile Irish-American who flew in the Royal Flying Corps, in this paper.

What would have been death to any other man was to him a great and glorious adventure.

He was born in Chicago—he joined the Royal Flying Corps—he was a prisoner of the Germans—but they couldn't hold him. Today his story is listened to breathlessly all over the United States.

The Dutch gave him an ovation—the English went wild over him. The King of England received him with joy. And now you can have the whole story by reading

Outwitting the Hun

By Lieutenant PAT O'BRIEN, R. F. C.

A glorious tale of 72 days' escaping from Germany.

Our New Serial ***Read It!***

LA FAYETTE

Personal Items of Interest from a Social Neighborhood.

Mrs. Glen Sterling and daughter Jane, have returned home from a visit in Bradford.

Frank Glass was in Bradford Saturday evening.

J. R. Beeman was in Bradford Friday to attend a meeting of the War Saving Committee held at the St. James hotel.

Mrs. Minnie England of Bradford and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brown of Cleveland are guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Tenny.

Mr. R. Ward is visiting his daughter, Mrs. Geo. Taylor. He is about to make his home in Lewis Run, having moved from his former home in Laceyville.

R. Waite of Jamestown was a business visitor at G. A. Taylor's store one day last week.

Straw Hats.

PANAMAS,
SPLITS,
SENNETS, AND
SOFT STRAW.

REASONABLE PRICES
Considering everything.

Help the Red Cross

H. W. RUBIN & SON

The Reliable Clothiers
Smethport, - - - - Pa.

THE M. S. GEARY

REAL ESTATE, HORSES, FARM AND BUILDING LOTS.

ARE YOU GOING TO MOVE?

If so, you will assuredly consult your own best interests by first ascertaining what we have to offer in homes. However restricted or unlimited your income, we are very likely to have just the desired property on our lists—wont cost you anything to look at the list, or the properties. We have several fine farms, a number of nice homes, building lots, small tracts of timber, two fine work teams, and three used Automobiles. Costs you nothing to look.

"We bring buyer and seller together.
Office Imperial Hotel. Bell Phone.

ESTATE OF JOHN BLOOMSTER.

Late of Sergeant Township, McKean County, Pennsylvania, deceased.

Letters Testamentary on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands to present the same, duly authenticated, without delay, to.

Frank W. Bloomster, and
James H. Bloomster,
Executors, Crosby, McKean Co., Pa.
Or to their attorney JOHN N. APPLE, Smethport, Pa.
May 1, 1918.

Draying

AND BAGGAGE DELIVERED TO AND FROM ALL STATIONS AT A REASONABLE RATE

See or phone

ALEX CUNNINGHAM
East Smethport